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SLUG
Magazine

Cheap Trick Cheap Trick



**SPECIAL
COLLECTIONS**

THE MUSIC EXPERIENCE



Salt City CD's

878 East 900 South, Salt Lake City, Utah
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Dear Dickheads



—Brain

Dear Dickheads,

On the fifth of May we got so much snow that some of the canyons and ski areas were closed. A few people even got nailed by an avalanche at Alta resort. Here I have prepared 20 fucking questions for um bloody (enviro) mentalists.

1. Wha' happen to yer global warming, you grass eating SUV driving, acid snoring, inbred bastards?

2. Shall the tree huggers like Al Gore and you be beaten twice a day with a good size stick for the rest of yer miserable lives?

3. Will you ever get off yer lard hippie asses and do anything about the very much fucked up religion in this retard state?

4. You don't expect a bribe do you?
...to be continued when I replenish supply of spotted owl blood that so many use for ink these days.

—Poly Gamistrici

From: Wilhelm Picaco,
wpicaco@hotmail.com
To: dicks@slugmag.com
Dear dickheads,
or more specifically WA,

From one dickhead to an LSD impaired closet mormon I want to give my bones about your reviews. First off as far as non-medicated schizophrenics go I think you have more room to talk than most. Don't let your head get too big over that one, however, because it doesn't change your closet lifestyles. Come out of the bathroom with your Joseph Smith translation of the Satanic Bible and go to the Drum Circle and we'll see about fucking it then. You might realize how many more smelly, raunchy, peace-loving, square-peg, degenerate, deviants of the machine go to the park than to your relief-society tupperware parties held in your walk-in closet. Either make fliers for the next bazaar or get a mag rack full of SLUG to permanently install at the circle because in a park full of crazed hippies, a magazine with no regard for the feelings of the system would only add fuel to the fire that breeds chaos, disorder and all other ideals we hold dear (not to mention it might start another riot). In the words of a man we all know and love, "Tomorrow you're homeless. Tonight it's a blast."

So on behalf of all those who don't shower and listen to Pink Floyd while expanding minds (and lungs) in the back of a VW

bus, I want to send a PHAT peace and love hug your direction. Thanks for caring and until next time,
FUCK OFF AND DIE!
PS- I'm voting Farley for mayor

From:Kyknbox@aol.com

To: mail@slugmag.com

Dear penis for rotting people,

Your incredibly lame story on Eric Boucher (Jello Biafra) (which you failed to mention) leaves me with more than a few thoughts. First, do you think Biafra wants to read a slacker newsprint blowjob like you wrote instead of a real article containing actual information? Nobody cares that your idiotic worship of the King of the Liars (which you failed to mention) kept you up all night. I'm guessing so did the 12 pack of Jolt cola and clove cigarettes.

More points of contention:

Biafras enormous body of work? Did you think you were talking to Rollins? Dead Kennedys only released 4 and 1/2 albums (which you failed to mention). Do you even know what they were? Fresh Fruit for Rotting Vegetables, Plastic Surgery Disasters, Frankenchrist, Bedtime for Democracy and Give Me Convenience or Give Me Death. All of which were sub-par compared to the rest of the punk scene from 1976 to 1986. By the way, this is information you could have easily obtained off the AT website @ www.alternativetentacles.com (which you failed to mention).

"and yet to the general public, the name Jello Biafra is unknown" ???

Maybe in Weak Lake City, where Donny & Marie still swoon crowds, but even the Governor of California knows who Jello is.

Jello Biafra is not a master thinker, but a master merchandiser. And 'wish I was there' morons like you fall for his "screw the man" bit every time. Jello was laughing at the punk scene in San Francisco while they lined his pockets. Like when he ran for Mayor of the city (which you failed to mention). Maybe you should have read some real articles printed on Biafra before you tried to write one of your own.

DKs were booted off the stage at the Mab (Mabuhay Gardens), not because they were offensive, but because they weren't any good. Of course you wouldn't know

dicks continued on page 4



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JEZUS RIDES A RIK SHA

June 13 @ The Back Alley

w/Flotsam & Jetsam

June 17 @ Tower Theater (Freak Show)

w/ Swamp Donkeys, Good Machine &

Evil Petting Zoo - No Restrictions

July 31 @ Milwaukee MetalFest XIII

...dear dickheads continued

anything about that because you've probably never left Utah. I would know all about it because I was there, OK dipshit!!!! I have shared many a beer and chemical with the outspoken bitcher (a nickname given to him by Klaus Fluoride), (which you failed to mention) and he is no genius. He is a political activist who uses people like you so that he can afford to live in the lifestyle he has become accustomed to.

And as far as gracing your not so fair city with a spoken word performance, let me hip you to something... HE NEEDS THE MONEY! HE IS ALL ABOUT THE MONEY YOU FUCKING DUMBASS!!

I don't know what kind of mediocrity passes for writing in Utah, but I do know you'd never get that swill printed here in San Francisco, or in any national publication with any merit at all.

—Rick May

Dear Dickheads,

Who the fuck is WA? Is this the same William Athey who also can't write a music review to save his life. WA leave yourself-

loathing in your pocket when trying to tell people about an album. Keep your opinions to yourself asshole. I don't care what you think about an album, just tell me what the album is about. And as for you saying (FUCK DRUM CIRCLES) what are you a drug war supporting police state bastard. Those drumcircles consist of people who read your little rag. Put down your pen and find a day job. Fuck you.

—A former SLUG reader

ED: Well, since you are a former reader, then you won't be seeing this response. As for the rest of you,

"THE OPINIONS EXPRESSED IN THIS MAGAZINE ARE THE OPINIONS OF THE PEOPLE WHO WRITE IT AND ARE NOT NECESSARILY THE OPINIONS OF SLUG OR IT'S OWNERS".

How's that? Besides if you got pissed off by what WA wrote, then he succeeded in his goal, which is exactly what he set out to do. I don't know that I would let it keep me up at night...

"Utah and ALL THAT JAZZ"

SOUNDS
LIKE
BULL
SHIT
To
Me...

a
letter
from the
editor

First off a big fat sloppy kiss to all of the people who have helped us get to the next level. SLUG is getting bigger and hopefully better, thanks in part to a few dedicated individuals. Besides our KILLER staff of writers, attaboys need to go out to Angela, Matt, Royce, Mike H., Troy and of course Crystal...

Now for the meat. Your Utah Jazzzzzzz.

The reason for the extra Z's is because our beloved Stockton, Mailman & company fell asleep during the playoffs and lost to the Portland TrailGangsters... or is that JailBlazers? You remember them. They are the same team who came to town four years ago, kicked our ass in basketball and then had sex with several of our teenage girls afterwards.

Fortunately for guys like Clyde Drexler, in Utah you only have to be 14 to sleep with an NBA star, and have it be legal. Anyway, the point is that of all the teams to take us out, the Jazz should have NEVER let it be Portland.

Not that being ousted is OK, I mean they had their best chance to win a title this year and they blew it. The point is that they never played well. The best man never showed up, so we don't know if the best man won.

There are some good things to take solace in however...

This year's NBA champ will have a "yea, but" after their name due to the shortened season.

The Jazz won't have the pressure of defending their title next year.

All the "Show me the Title" signs can go in the garbage where they belong.

The "NBA vs. Utah Jazz Conspiracy Theory" will remain in tact.

We don't have to see Larry Miller's fat ass again until next year.

Indiana can win the NBA Championship and Rick at Salt City will be happy.

—The "Losers"
at Planet SLUG



Mr. Pink's Video Review

So I went on a vacation...
no, a sabbatical... or well ...
fuck it, I was locked up.

Here's a little hint: When an officer of
the law asks to see some identification,
the proper response is not

*"You can see whatever you want
as long as I get a blowjob
out of the deal"*

Perhaps now we can move on.
I truly think we've all learned a valuable
lesson here today...

STEP MOM

Do you really think that I would
watch this movie? Well I didn't but I
will give you the review anyway...

Susan Sarandon is the newly divorced
Mom, and Julia Roberts is the younger,
better looking Step Mom. The kids like
Julia, Susan hates her, something hap-
pens and they become close friends...
Sounds like bullshit huh? I can almost
promise you that's what happens.

HOLY MAN

Fucking Eddie
Murphy. Just when
you think he is back
with some killer
funny movie, he
puts this shit bag
out. Jeff Goldblum
and that tart from
Jerry Maguire try
really hard to play
off Eddie's funny

bone, but fail dismally. Mostly due to
the poor execution of a stupid idea for a
movie. Just in case that confuses you,
this movie sucked!

SAVING PRIVATE RYAN

There are so many near flawless
scenes in this movie, that it makes you
wonder. Everyone should know the
story... the fourth brother in a family of
soldiers is the last one alive so the Army
tries to get him home so that his mother
has at least one child left alive.

Along the way they show all of the
tragedies of war in full regalia. Some
parts are over the top, but still realistic.
I'd see it a fourth time.

SLAM

You have got to be kidding me. I
would love one of you artsy bastards to
call SLUG H.Q. and tell me how this
movie won an award. If you like getting
pissed off at bad acting, long winded
dialog and obvious filler, then go rent
this. The worst part is that there is some
good poetry in the movie, but it gets
crushed by the narrow scope of the
entire movie, which just pisses you off
even more.

ANOTHER DAY IN PARADISE

James Woods and Melanie Griffith are
druggys and thieves who take a pair of
kids on the road with them for lots of
drugs, sex and more thievery. As my
boy Barker would say... "Fantastic." Not
the film for role model use on your kids
and while you might think some parts
are deep, dark and disturbing, they are
just over done and boring. You might
not see it, but that's because I am
smarter than you.

THE CRUISE

Irritating, pretentious, talentless and
lacking any single redeeming value of
any kind. As if that's not bad enough,
the cover says "This is the guy Woody
Allen wishes he was." Uhh..., not really
you fucking moron. You see Allen is a
movie maker and you are a person who
screwed someone out of enough money
to make a movie.

ELIZABETH

Kate Blanchett plays the daughter of
Henry VIII and eventual Queen of
England. The story is great even though
I generally steer clear of movies with
guys wearing wigs and girls with 25'
long dresses. Speaking of which, it is
truly ironic that these guys are running
around being tough and acting like
great warriors, but they are wearing
poofty MC Hammer knickers and pink
knee-high socks. That said, this was a
very cool show. Worth watching. As
long as you don't let the early century
motif scare you off...

—Mr. Pink

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(or monkeys with
typewriters)
who will work for
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CHECKERED PAST RECORDS

SLUG'S INDIE-LABEL FEATURE

Indie labels are the strongholds of good music and messiahs to lovers of it. I was hipped to this label by Jim Bradt owner of Burnside Records and its alter ego, Sideburn Records. Both are fine labels in their own right. Checkered Past is, in the words of owner Larry Lipson, "purveyors of the finest, darkest Americana we can get our hands on." Checkered Past Records is located at 1456 N. Dayton, Suite 205, Chicago, IL, 60622 or www.checkeredpast.com

Botanica

In an effort to diversify, Checkered Past has signed Botanica, a band led by Firewater's Paul Wallfisch. The recently released "Malediction"



features guest appearances by an array of noted musicians, including members of Blondie, Royal Crown Revue and The Cramps. Daniel Ash contributes a hidden remix of the title track. The music has been christened "junkie gospel" and though it is the least rootsy of CP's livery, it is an extremely dark cousin to that of Botanica's label mates.

Tommy Womack

Womack is a former member of Government Cheese and the Bis-Quits, and his ambition is to make enough cash playing music to make payments on his truck. He describes himself as "Ray Davies and Bob Dylan fighting over control of the same Rolling Stones session in 1969, only I'm singing lead at the age I am now because I was

seen a bottle of this alcohol elixir in you grandpappy's medicine chest next to the witch hazel. The potent cure-all was the sponsor of Hank Williams' late-40s radio show (a clue to the age of the contents of said medicine chest) and it is an apt description of the band's musical offerings. Alt-country, rockabilly, and roadhouse stomp are the ingredients of Hadacol's potent sound and it damn sure cures what ails ya.

The Flatirons

I've already written this up in SLUG but since it's so damn good, I'm gonna talk about it some more. From "Heaven Help You," the opening track of its debut release, to the two songs at the disc's end—a cover of Ozzy Osborne's "Crazy Train" and the prairie ballad "Lullaby"—Flatiron produces no duds. Wendy Pate's wistful twang evokes a lonesome Sarah McLachlan and exquisitely complements the music of her bandmates. This is musical ambrosia.

Silos

More alt than country and better than anything on the radio today. I'm at a loss for words to describe the Silos, except that after hearing "Heater," I would buy anything that bore their name.

Red Star Belgrade

Another new signing, Red Star Belgrade plays pop-inflected roots music that most roots bands should be green over. They have released three EPs and a full-length autonomously before



"Fractured Hymnal," their debut on Checkered Past. Hymnal took years to complete and the TLC that it absorbed is evident in the production and quality of the music. It took three listens to "Miracle," the disc's third track before I could move on to the remainder of the record.

Hadacol

If the name is familiar, you may have

only six then." "Positively Na-Na" is his first solo record and it's chock full of smart-ass rockers that stick in your head like a booger to your fingertip.

Lonesome Bob

In the disclaimer in the liner notes of "Things Fall Apart," Lonesome Bob admonishes listeners who feel compelled to kill/hurt themselves/others to call their nearest mental health crisis intervention center. Marry the subject matter alluded to above with rockin' roadhouse country and you have one hell of an album.

Johnny Dowd

Here we have a fifty-something mover from Ithaca, New York with issues. His use of keys and horns in addition to spare acoustic guitar makes for apocalyptic country/house blues and the darkest, most disturbing of Checkered Past's livery. "Wrong Side of Memphis" is a must-have debut.

Old Joe Clarks

Led by the husband and wife team of Mike and Jill Coykendall, The Old Joe Clarks is a six-piece amalgam of Bob Dylan, Gordon Lightfoot and Son Volt. "Metal Shed Blues" is their sophomore release (following their stellar debut "Town of Ten"). The band's instrumentation is predominantly acoustic and the songwriting is impeccable. "Metal Shed Blues" has been subject to many revolutions in my disc player.

Tom House

Lipson describes House's music as "primitive hardcore folk." With spare, unplugged arrangements, the hardcore aspect of House's tunes is his lyrics; an obvious suggestion once you are informed that the man has been a published poet since his teens. The fact that he has published over 600 poems in his 47 years, enhances that point further. The most recent album is 1998's "This White Man's Burden."

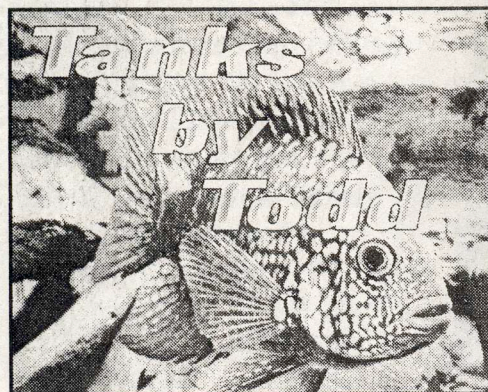
Paul Burch

Burch and his band, the WPA Ballclub, play the closest thing to trade country on Checkered Past. "Pan-American Flash" is rife with steel guitar, old school acoustic strumming and Burch's forlorn vocals. During a listen, if you close your eyes you can smell the stale cigarette smoke of an empty saloon and the shot of whiskey the waitress must've delivered while you were lost in thought.

The Schramms

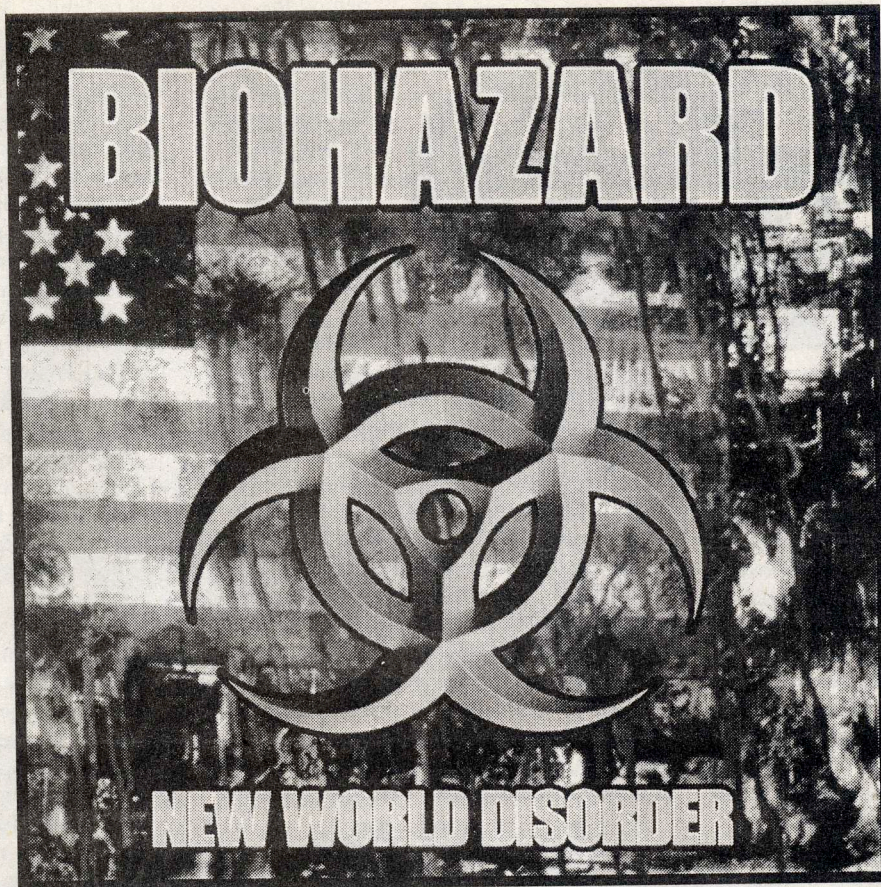
Former Yo La Tengo guitarist Dave Schramm somehow found time between session gigs to record four albums with this band that bears his name. "Dizzy Spell" is the most recent of the four, and it's content is somewhere between YLT and a band from the upper echelons of the No Depression genre—perhaps with a dash of They Might Be Giants quirk.

— Randy Harward



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FORMERLY LAME ASS CONCERT PREVIEW

Wendy? Yes, Lisa. Is the water warm enough? Yes Lisa. Shall we begin? Yes, Lisa... ooooooWOW!

I thought it was 1980 for a minute...

I think I'll skip the first-five-days run-down this month. Nothing to rub your faces in and if there were, it's just not that fun anymore. If you were here with me, I could smash a beer bottle over my monitor and threaten to shank you. That'd be fun. But hey, we can't always get what we want.

I reckon the tonight's **Tony Furtado** show at the Zephyr Club is a good place to start. Tony is a first-class player of the banjo and the slide guitar.

His latest is actually a collaborative effort with accordionist Dirk Powell called "Tony Furtado and Dirk Powell." His most current solo studio release is "Roll My Blues Away" (Rounder). For June 6th, there is really only one show that needs to be mentioned. **Cheap Trick** is playing the Zephyr Club that night and my money says it's sold out by press time. If so, stop in and pick up a copy of "Music for Hangovers," their first live release since Budokan. (It's okay to plug it 'cause CT's gone indie.) **Dovetail Joint** is opening and their disc is titled "001" (Columbia). Monday, June 7th has **Debbie Davies** at the Dead Goat Saloon. "Tales from the Austin Motel" is the name of her upcoming release on Shanachie. Her backing band on the disc is none other than the legendary Double Trouble, the sidemen of Stevie Ray Vaughan, with whom Davies shares tone supreme.

Now for the mofo show.

NASHVILLE PUSSY!

NASHVILLE PUSSY! NASHVILLE PUSSY!

Just keep chanting with me. Oh, the wonders you will see. Two of them, in fact. Corey Parks is any man's dream woman. Six foot-three, belches fire, french kisses her female bandmate...the list is endless. I understand beer-bottle fellatio is another talent. The music ain't bad, either. Call it a spiked, primer-gray Camaro with a coked-up Satan

behind the wheel. Go, motherfucker, go! By the way, this all happens on June 8th at DV8 and they're bringing the **Bellrays** with them. Bring the kids.

The 9th has been declared Old

Fart's Day by the gov. **America, Bob Dylan/Paul Simon and Johnny Mathis** will all be in town to help empty colostomy bags. Who needs Rock the Vote, Walden Woods and those other causes? Okay, to be fair, I will admit that I would like to see two out of the three shows. Here's the details: **America** is at Harry O's in Park City. My dad used to play tapes by one of the guys from the band who found Jesus. He thought that since a "cool" rock star wasn't above salvation then a fifteen-year-old boy shouldn't be either. I spent the better part of a ten-hour drive listening to fundamentalist Christian horseshit and bad (is there good?) Christian contem-

it'll be Smilin' Mike and a representative of the Quorum of the Seventy with their arms around Bob and Paul. Maybe they'll get one of them to convert to an ultra-conservative right-wing bastard. Or a Republican. See the Delta Reverberator Center. Then there's **Mathis**. If ANYBODY who reads *Slug* attends this in an unofficial capacity (e.g. non-concession stand workers, potty police, security—oh yeah, call out the troops), be sure to kiss Grandma goodnight. With tongue. That is the only way to redeem yourself in my eyes. Or shout out "SLUG! READ IT FUCKFACE!" during "Chances Are." It's at Abravanel Hall.

June 10th. I got nothin'.

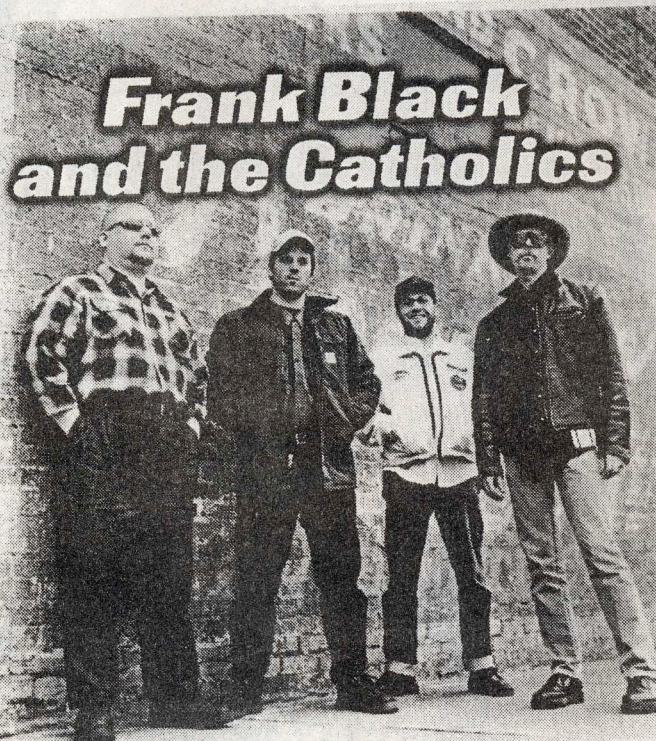
June 11th. More classic rock with **Kansas** at Franklin Covey Field. Also that night, **Atomic Deluxe** has completed "My True Love" and the Zephyr will host it's unveiling. Be sure to take in the show and pick up a disc.

June 12th: After a two-day breather, the geezers are again ready for action. The Oldies Fest is happening at Franklin Covey Field. While enjoying the rockin' sounds of **Herman's Hermits, Davy Jones** (ooooh, the cute one!) and the **Buckinghams**, be sure to purchase the special geriatric brew. No barley. Just Metamucil. You thought

beer went right through you before... Also that night, you might want to check out the Bearcave (formerly Rafters) for old times' sake. **The Jason Bonham Band** will be there with an all-Zep tribute show and you can go next door to Maverick for snacks. The band to see, though, is locals the **Red Bennies** at Spanky's with fresh copies of their CD—actually a split CD with Ambergris, another of Red Bennies singer/guitarist Eli Morrison's myriad projects. Definitely a must have.

13th, 14th ... Kill Rock Stars has a new band with an old sound. **Tight Bro's from Way Back When** features former members of Karp and Behead the Prophet and they play punk for the working man. Actually, it's more like cock punk. Their CD is called "Runnin' Through My Bones" and the gig is at the Moroccan.

As for the 15th, here's what I got for ya: It comes down to wine/imported beer and cheese at Red Butte Gardens vs. your-mama-warned-you at the Wasatch Event Center. **Mary Chapin-Carpenter** is touring behind **Party Doll and Other Favorites**, a greatest hits collection. Chapin-Carpenter has tapped Celtic folk band **Solas**, whose Shanachie release is called "The Words That Remain."



porary music. Thing is, I still like America. So much for aversion therapy. The **Dylan/Simon** show is remarkable because a show of its magnitude made it to SLC. This is the kind of event that we would all be reading about in *Rolling Stone*; the article accompanied by backstage photos of Dylan, Simon, Courtney Love and the Hanson brothers all fucked up after the show. Now

If your tastes run to the extreme, **Rammstein, Soulfly** and **Mindless Self-Indulgence** are begging to entertain you. My mommy won't let me listen to Rammstein, but she's a HUGE Sepultura fan, so I can enjoy a little Soulfly with my milk and cookies.

Good Riddance is at the Tower on Friday, the 18th with **Anti-Flag** and **Liquid Joe's** has a big'un on Saturday the 19th. **Those Bastard Souls**, 764-HERO comprise two thirds of a triple bill that night. Just in case you're in the mood for something else (or stoned) go check out the **Andy Narell Group** in Logan at the Summerfest Art Fair. Narell plays a mean steel pan drum and it's pure ear candy. **The Real McKenzies** are at the Zephyr on the 20th.

The first big cock and roll festival of the summer is the **Poison/Ratt/L.A. Guns/Great White** shindig at Rocky Mountain Raceways on the 21st. C.C. Deville is back with **Poison**. We're all thrilled. Especially me. When Blues Saraceno left, I was in line for an audition and then SHAZAM! Fucking ol' Cubic Centimeter Deville had to weasel his way back in. I'm telling you nobody, NOBODY can strut like you're old friend Randy and the Rocky Mountain Raceway crowd should be seeing it. Oh well. Maybe I'll crash L.A. Guns' set and show Traci Guns how to hock a fuckin' loogie and catch it in his mouth. Amateur.

Zephyr's got reggae on the 22nd. Good shit, too. **Pato Banton** and the **Reggae Revolution** are scheduled. For the 23rd, the Back Alley Pub has **April Wine**. They get my vote for best cloaking of the word fuck in a song title for "If You See Kay." Yeah. If you see her, tell her I want my Grim Reaper CDs tapes back.

So, you like blues? Rockabilly? Jump blues? Swing? Me, too. Don't get me wrong, though. Neo-swing (e.g. Big Bad Voodoo Daddy, Royal Crown Revue and Cherry Poppin' Daddies—what is all this daddy shit?) is SHIT. The good stuff is that which Duke Robillard played with the band he founded in 1967, Roomful of Blues. Robillard is simply a peerless guitarist/songwriter/producer. His work with R of B, the Robert Gordon Band, Jay McShann, John Hammond, the Fabulous Thunderbirds (he was Jimmie Vaughan's more-than-capable replacement) and on twelve plus solo albums not counting studio work and guest appearances, is essential to any fanatic's collection of roots. The new album is titled "New Blues For Modern

Man" (Shanachie) and Duke's smmmmmokin'. See the **Duke Robillard Band** in all their glory on June 24th at the Utah Arts Festival. Jazz June at the Moroccan is an alternative that night. The Arts Festival will also host a zydeco show with **Geno Delafosse** and **French Rockin' Boogie** on the 25th and

25th, 26th and 27th at Docky's. Band personnel are local music veteran Dan Gill, Rev. Reed and the Apostles of Blues bassist Brad Armstrong and Sun Masons groove doctor Pierre Mennefield. Think Beatles/Big Head Todd and the Monsters. They have a new CD called Elephant Art.

June closes with **Frank Black** and the **Catholics** playing my favorites and yours plus some new ones from "Pistolero" (spinART) at the Zephyr on the 29th. Also that night, **Eddie Shaw** and the **Wolfgang** are at Beatnik's and **AFI** is at the Tower.

A preview of July: **Black Tape for a Blue Girl** at Area 51 on the 1st, **Jewel** and **Steve Poltz** on the 5th at the E Center, the **Vans Warped Tour** with **Cypress Hill**, **Ice-T**, **blink 182**, the **Living End** and more) at the Utah State Fairgrounds on the 10th, and the **Rock Never Stops Tour/Bearfest '99** show with **Ted Nugent**, **Night Ranger**, **Slaughter** and **Quiet Riot** at Franklin Covey Field on the 16th.

S'all for this month...

— Randy Harward



Mambo Jumbo on the 27th. The night of the 25th has a couple more shows that are worth some space, so here goes. At Spanky's the **Pinehurst Kids**, an emo band from Portland, Oregon, will play in support of one of the best albums I've heard all year. **Minnesota Hotel** (Four Alarm) has guitars that are simultaneously jangly and droning and they complement Joe Davis' here's-what's-on-my-mind lyrics well. This is the kind of music that you drink, dance and sweat to, then go think about later. Drunk introspection. **YEAH! Eric Burdon and the New Animals** are at the Zephyr that same night.

Gothics rejoice! The **Midsummer Nyte's Scream Tour** featuring **Apocalypse Theatre**, **Margot Day**, **Nocturne**, **Paris by Night** and **Soda Ash** will pull up to Area 51 on the 26th.

British singer-songwriter **Richard Thompson** is the second show (June 27) in the Red Butte Gardens Concert Series and you can't beat the venue or the act.

Those One Guys are a band worth a look on the

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"Donkey Death to Donny Osmond"

Donny Osmond. I want you.

There comes a time in every boy's life where he must prove that he is a man. I had that chance in 1982 and failed. Now, I want a rematch. Pay Attention.

The year was 1982 (see above, the dates match, that's consistency brother, and that's how you'll know this is a true story) and I was in the 8th grade. The purple sock, I'm a little bit country, I'm a little bit rock and roll craze had swept the country several years before, but the Osmond's variety show would always have a spot in my heart, like the budding of a paper rose or that feeling we called puppy love.

I was living in San Antonio, Texas in 1982. I was the new kid on the block (Even at NKOTB I still wasn't cool y'all). When them Texans found out I was from Utah, three things happened.

- 1) They asked if I was Mormon.
- 2) They asked if I knew Donny and Marie.
- 3) I would get punched.

It got to the point that I would tell people I was from Virginia. 1) Then they'd ask if I was a Yankee.

- 2) Then they'd ask if I knew the Statler Brothers.
- 3) Then I'd get punched, but not nearly as hard.

The Statler Brothers, now they didn't bother me at all, they smoked cigarettes and watched Captain Kangaroo. But Donny, damn it, I had a feeling his favorite color was purple, because he also got beat up all the time. If there was anyone I wanted to meet, and to beat—it was Donny. Well, and Loni Anderson, but that's was a different kind of meeting and beating. That was an under the cover with a flash light WKRP in Cincinnati kind of beating.

If I can toot my 8th grade horn, I did have one thing going for me. I made \$5 an hour working backstage at the Majestic Theater. I met Molly Hatchet. Chop. Chop. I saw Englebert Humperdink with his shirt off (note to 8th grade Phil: Sit ups). Bow Wow Wow and the Clash signed my sleeveless concert t-shirts dude. Adam Ant yelled at me and Michael Hutchence from INXS choked up a guitar pick for me.

But, as Texans were busy remembering the Alamo. I was busy readying myself for Donny Osmond. The Osmonds were coming to town and, like all big time show people, they had a specific request for what had to be backstage. Some bands want drugs, others wanted chicks, the Osmonds wanted a Ms. Pac Man and Donkey Kong arcade game.

It was 1982 (It's true I tell you), arcade games cost a quarter, and we didn't need guns or blood. Monkeys, ghosts, dancing fruit and a chance to rescue the princess were reason enough to drop quarter after quarter. Galaga was my game of choice. So addicted was I to this game, that I wondered if the handle was made of compressed cocaine. The addiction was unlike anything I had ever felt. As is a life of debt, I spent \$5.25 an hour.

Three days before the Osmonds were to play, I saw their Ms. Pac Man and Donkey Kong wish list. I went to the local arcade, pockets weighted down with rolls of quarters, and I tried to become the Ms. Pac Man King. But, when them Texans saw me playing Ms. Pac Man

- 1) Hey Donny Osmond loving Mormon.
- 2) Faggot.
- 3) Punch, as in Hawaiian.

I switched to Donkey Kong. But the eye/hand, monkey/barrel jumping coordination just wasn't there. Try as I might, I couldn't save the Princess. When I showed up to work the big Osmond show, I was as ready as I could expect. And somehow I just knew Donny Osmond would look at me and say, "Hey kid, let's play Donkey Kong." And I thought I could take him. I thought he would be

impressed that I could go up two levels with one Mario. The best laid plans of Mice and Donkeys. . .

When the Osmonds were upstairs practicing, I stepped into their green room, and, for the first time in my life I had found UTOPIA. A Donkey Kong machine that didn't require quarters. I practiced and practiced until I got a TAP.TAP. TAP.

On the shoulder. I thought it was my boss trying to get me back to work, until I heard "Hey, Do you want to play doubles?" It was 1982, and that voice could have only come from that rock and roll rebel DONNY OSMOND.

"You bet your purple socks," I thought. "Yes," I said, with the Who is Pinball Wizard echoing in my brain. Donny said, "You first."

And my Mario jumped, and he grabbed the hammer, bashed barrels and climbed the ladders and when Mario got to the top of level one, well, he got killed.

"Not bad," said the Prince of Provo.

When Donny took control, I knew I had been beat. He turned his baseball cap around backwards (true rebel status in 1982) and he became one with Donkey Kong. He progressed four levels before dying.

After the killing of my second man (euthanasia), I let Donny have the machine. I was just glad I didn't bet my soul against a Donkey Kong made of gold. I entered the Majestic Theatre that night a boy. And I left a boy. That was not the way it was supposed to happen.

Now, brother, it's 1999 and I want a rematch. The Texans can hit me if they choose, but WATCH OUT. In 1982 I was a boy. Now I'm a man with a grudge and I know I can kick Donny's ass in Donkey Kong. And I want to do it live on his new, I've never seen it, talk show. Donny Osmond, wherever you are, I challenge you to a rematch.

This is Utah. Someone must know him. If you see him, you tell Donny Osmond that Phil Jacobsen is gunning for him. This time around, Donny, you WILL get your Donkey Kong Monkey Spanked.

— Phil Jacobsen

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My first memory of Cheap Trick flickers in from the summer of 1977, sitting in the backyard waiting for "I Want You to Want Me" to be played once an hour every hour on WLS, a Top 40 station that gave equal time to Donna Summer and Shaun Cassidy. The Beatles were freezing into myth but Cheap Trick was alive and well, thank you, in Japan. We didn't know

what the Budokan was but we knew it was important.

Fast forward to 1994, Cheap Trick is playing an oldies show with Eddie Money. Someone asks me if I want to go and I say no, that even though I've never seen them play, it's too late now because I don't want to see my heroes less than my perfect teenage memory. Somehow I ended up going. I just stood on the side of the stage and cried because they were so great, so alive, just refusing to be tired and dead. It is in moments like those you believe in rock and roll.

Shortly after that I ran into Rick at a Bryan Ferry show and for an hour Rick listened while I babbled on about the

of the Metro, and he tells me that this is one of the greatest nights he's ever had in over 15 years of putting on concerts. We have the honor of opening one of the shows, and the place is alive with memories and respect because they finally made it home...

I asked Rick's son Miles to bring me one of Rick's funny sweaters for my appearance with them. They rumble on upstairs as I try on the sweater and look in the mirror. Something is missing so I ask someone for a baseball hat and turn up the brim—the change is instantaneous. I wait on the side of the stage, the roadie hands me the checkered Explorer, and as I hit the stage Rick stares into my eyes and falls to the floor laughing—he has truly seen his own ghost.

After I play I wait in the wings while they play one last song, an acoustic version of "The Flame," the song that was their sole No. 1, and a song that was probably the beginning of the end or the end of the beginning depending how you

look at it. But as I stood on the side of the stage, my face covered in shadow listening to Robin's beautiful voice curve around the words, the song which I had always considered a little schmaltzy, hit me hard across the face—rock and roll is never about any one song, or any one concert—but in the years and spirit of those who believe in the power of music to heal and amuse...and that night they made me cry tears of timeless joy.

To Rick, Robin,
Tom, and Bun E
You're the best

—Billy Corgan of
Smashing Pumpkins

A PHONE CALL FROM TOM PETERSSON

future
of Cheap Trick.

"What future?" he would say, in his crazy cartooned mind, and I kept saying box set, box set, that glorious thing that puts someone's great work in perspective.

Forward yet again to 1996, my band has just imploded on tour and I'm home in Chicago depressed and unable to face the world. I go to see Cheap Trick play knowing they will restore my faith in music, and they do. They had dropped "The Flame" and had begun playing more old school Cheap Trick rock and roll. After a fantastic set they literally drag me on-stage and force me to

face the moment. I tell Rick I don't know the chords and he says neither do I...

1998 and Cheap Trick is playing my psychic home, the Cabaret Metro with 4 sold out shows, each night featuring an entire performance of their first 4 albums. The band is tense and electric as old spirits are raised and confronted head on. I'm sitting next to Joe Shanahan, the owner

That quote is taken from the liner notes of Cheap Trick's new CD "Music for Hangovers". Cheap Trick has always been one of my favorite bands since their first LP came out in 1977. An album that still holds it's own to this day as one of the great rock records of all time, by one of the great rock bands of all time. How cool is that?

The following is a phone interview with bassist Tom Petersson.
SLUG: Hi, Tom. How are things going?

Tom: Good, good. It's a little early for you, isn't it?

SLUG: Yeah. I'm just having an iced tea and trying to wake up.

T: It's later here, so I'm fine.

SLUG: Where are you?

T: Manhattan.

SLUG: Are you playing tonight?

T: No, we are off today. President Clinton is in town; I probably will stay in.

SLUG: I usually don't do interviews. Gianni (the publisher of SLUG) and I are old friends and Cheap Trick fans. The first time I saw Cheap Trick was in 1977 when you played with Kiss. I grew out of Kiss and grew up with Cheap Trick.

T: That was a long time ago.

SLUG: I haven't missed a Cheap Trick show in Salt Lake ever since. I took my kids to see you at the fair last year, and even saw you at the Sundance Film Festival.

T: That was a cool show. I wanted to go see some movies, but everything was invitation only. That wasn't open to the general public, was it?

SLUG: No. I am friends with a guy that used to work for you, Sean Haggerty. He got me into that one. And I also saw you two days before at the club show. That was a great week for me!

T: Oh, yeah, Sean lives in a real small town in Oregon. How do you know him?

SLUG: He is from Salt Lake and used to frequent my shop. It's a music store.

T: Really! I would like to check it out. Would you have anything I would want?

SLUG: Heavy Metal stuff. It's called The Heavy Metal Shop. CDs and t-shirts, stuff like that.

T: Oh, I was thinking guitars.

SLUG: Happy Birthday! How does it feel to be 30?

T: 39, actually.

SLUG: I got the new calendar, and about every other thing for sale on trickstuff.

T: You do?

SLUG: Are you involved in that end of it?

T: My shirt and the photos, but not all of the stuff.

SLUG: Like the tote bag?

T: Like somebody says, "Everybody is into tote bags." Keep buying that stuff. Someday it will be worth something.

SLUG: Have you seen how much Cheap Trick collectibles sell for on Ebay?

T: No. I should look on there and see what the hell the deal is.

SLUG: I got some of those View Master reels on there last year. I'm still paying for them.

T: Really? How much did you pay? I just saw some of those. I think my

parents might have them. Actually, I saw them in a shop recently. Some guy had some collectibles for sale.

SLUG: I paid a lot for mine but have seen them go for much more.

T: I should sell some stuff on there, signed guitars or whatever.

SLUG: Do you have a big Cheap Trick collection?

T: No, not really. I have a few things.

SLUG: I have found a lot of Cheap Trick 45s for my old jukebox. I love your version of "Waiting for the Man." You have a cool voice. I have that record in my jukebox.

T: Thank you.

SLUG: Are there any other recordings of you singing that we should know about?

T: No.

SLUG: I noticed Chairy on the top of your amp. Are you a big fan of Pee Wee's Playhouse?

T: Oh, yeah.

SLUG: Do you have any of the other toys?

T: Yeah, I have an autographed picture of Pee Wee and a couple of other things.

SLUG: I got some Pee Wee X-mas cards off of Ebay last year, Pee Wee on Santa's lap sitting on Chairy.

T: I haven't seen those.

SLUG: Are you a movie fan?

T: Yeah.

SLUG: Star Wars?

T: No, I don't think I have ever seen the original one. Not action films either. That's a tough one. It's like asking what records I like. Give me a list and I could pick some out.

SLUG: I'm not a Star Wars fan either. I remember all the hype when I was in high school. I went and seen it and hated it. It was like Grease; I walked out of that one.

T: I've never seen Grease.

SLUG: It sucked. Rock N' Roll High School was much better.

T: With the Ramones.

SLUG: That's what made it good. I saw your name at the end of the Ramones Aid video, but I didn't see you in it. Where are you?

T: That was a while ago; it was around 1986. I stood by someone who sticks out, so it was hard to spot me.

SLUG: I heard you were also in a Concrete Blonde video.

T: Yeah, I played on like nine songs on that record, and did the video.

SLUG: What record?

T: Walking In London

SLUG: Are you friends with them?

T: Yeah. I haven't seen her for a while though.

SLUG: Did you read "Reputation Is a Fragile Thing"?

T: No. Have you? Is it good?

SLUG: It pretty much goes through the recording of each record and where the band is at that time. Not enough dirt though.

T: Probably because there isn't any.

SLUG: No crazy road stories you could tell us? Nobody reads this paper anyway.

T: No, nothing.

SLUG: Okay, sure. What has been the biggest thrill that you have had being a member of Cheap Trick?

T: Thrill? I don't know. With Cheap Trick? I can't think of any right off.

SLUG: Maybe it hasn't happened yet. Maybe when you play in Salt Lake. What song will you play when Cheap Trick is inducted into the Rock n' Roll Hall of Fame?

T: The Rock n' Roll Hall of Fame? Have you been there? We played there once, I don't know why, some private thing. I don't know. What is the criteria for getting inducted? After so many years? I shouldn't say anything about it. I guess there are certain songs we would have to play.

SLUG: "Waiting for the Man."

T: Yeah, that would be cool.

SLUG: Shake some things up. That was cool what Billy Corgan wrote in the liner notes for the new live record.

T: Oh, yeah, that was real nice, the things he said.

SLUG: I can't believe he hadn't seen you before.

T: Yeah, and it was with Eddie Money, or somebody like that.

SLUG: I've seen you a few times like that, REO Speedwagon, Meatloaf.

T: We have decided we are not doing shows like that anymore.

SLUG: Well, good. I look forward to seeing you on June 6th.

T: Thanks, Kevin. Come and find me.

SLUG: Thanks, Tom. It was nice talking with you.

— Kevin Kirk

"Just because you like my stuff doesn't mean I owe you anything."

- Bob Dylan

INTEGRITY 2000

Victory Records

Although the life philosophy of Dwid leaves me alternating between cringing and chuckling I have always admired the

massive musical onslaught of his band. In fact, I would dare say that over the years INTEGRITY has been on the most

influential bands in the Victory style. Their unabashed utilization of metal influences allows them to brandish one of the biggest,

harsh, and evil sounds ever produced in hardcore. Now with the world on the brink of a new millennium and doomsday pundits worldwide getting more and more attention, Dwid has unleashed the latest incarnation of the band called INTEGRITY 2000 - a group primed to revel in the destruction of the world.

The new CD is definitely the most balls-to-the-wall and in-your-face chunk of rage INTEGRITY has ever made. For the most part, 2000 is faster, harsher, and more twisted than any of its predecessors. Fans of the band (and Victory-core in general) should be totally satisfied. Even fans of more extreme sounds like grind and power violence will be appreciative. This is a keeper. (Victory Records POB 146546, Chicago, IL 60614 <http://www.victoryrecords.com>)

SEA OF TRANQUILLITY

The Omega Ruins

Cursed Productions

This is not my first exposure to this band and every time I hear them I like them better and better. Their slow-to-mid-paced death metal is impressive on many levels but none more than the epic nature of their song writing. Because they are not a band that relies on speed or generic "brutality" for impact it frees them up to do quite a bit of exploring within the structure of their songs. A "thinking man's" death metal band? Possibly, but maybe even more than that

they are a feeling man's group. I wouldn't go so far as to call them "death emo" but I certainly would understand if someone else did. Whether or not being a band of class and distinction is an advantage or a liability in the death metal scene is rather debatable I would imagine but take it or leave it that is what SEA OF TRANQUILLITY is. (Cursed Productions POB 302 Elkhart, IN 46515-0302 or cursed@sbinet.com)

MOTORHEAD

Everything Louder Than Everything Else /Double CD

CMC International

I think MOTORHEAD have released around three or four official live albums in their career but there have been so many "unofficial" live releases and "contract fulfilling" live albums that I have lost count. So what does this one have to offer that the other don't? Anything? Hell YES! For one thing this is the first live album in several years, not counting the KBFH release which was from a show recorded 15 years ago, and thus the first time we have gotten to hear a lot of the newer Motor-classics live. This is also by far the best sounding of the live albums, the gigantic "wall-of-noise" style production on this album serves the band very well, maybe even better than the raw sound on their classic (make that mandatory) first live album. The song selection on this set is tremendous with tracks that represent almost every era and phase of the band - certainly all that are worth representing in the first place. The crowd also adds a lot. Their absolute adoration for Lemmy and the boys comes through loud and clear. But no matter what accolades I manage to dredge up for the band and no matter how many synonyms I can find for "amazing" to use in a review, the best reason in the world to buy this disc is the simple fact this is the new MOTORHEAD album and you should own it. Every sentient creature in the known universe ought to realize that. (CMC International www.cmcinternational.com)

—Jeb Branin

CRASS DISMISSED

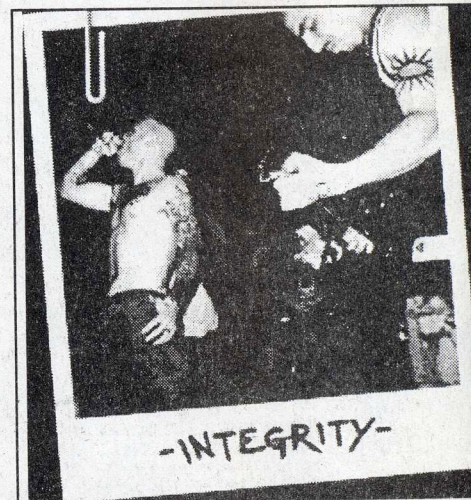
—jeb branin

KRIGSHOT

Maktmissbrukare

Sound Pollution

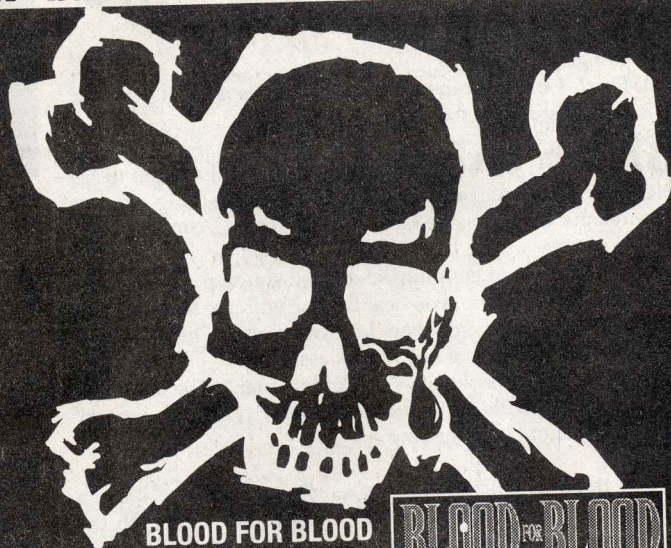
In a year that is shaping up to be one the richest ever in extreme hardcore, KRIGSHOT have the distinction of producing the CD that is hands down the best of the best so far! This album absolutely blew my doors off from the first note to the last... from the first listen to the hundredth. I was so unwilling to take this sucker out of my CD player the last few weeks that it has literally kept me from getting other reviews written because I wouldn't listen to other CDs. It is chorde with blazing fast thrash with overtones of power violence and undertones of classic Scandinavian hate core. I'm not even going to attempt to compare this band to others you may be more familiar with for the simple reason that no matter who I chose the comparison would be inadequate. Rarely does a thrash band that plays a million notes a minute manage to create anything that is unique sounding but KRIGSHOT pulls it off without a hitch. Fans of extreme hardcore absolutely MUST own this. (Sound Pollution POB 17742 Convington, KY 41017)



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The date is February 15, 1994. You're sitting in your favorite rocking chair out on the porch. There is a cool breeze drifting through downtown Pittsburgh and as you lift a glass of lemonade for another drink, you notice two hoodlums walking by your front yard. The voices come clearly to you as you sip your beverage.

"Hey Pat, do you want to start a band?"

"Sure Justin, you got a name?"

"How's Anti-Flag? I think it can sort of represent the stupidity of war, mindless Nationalism, stuff like that."

"Sounds good to . . ."

They've made their way out of earshot, so you pick up the paper to see how the Steelers are doing. A couple of years later, while sitting on your rider mower, you notice the two same kids, with a third one, coming down the street.

Just as they get near the yard your mower dies, so you step off to try and fix it. Without trying to eavesdrop, you hear the one with the Mohawk say, "Andy, I really like that bass line you laid down for 'Die For Your Government'. This first album is going to kick ass."

"I actually thought of that while we were on our last tour." The tall blond one pipes up, "you've got to die, gotta die gotta die for your government" then in unison they all shout "die for your country that's shit!"

Damn kids you think to yourself as the mower's engine comes back to life. The sun is high, and the sprinklers are working their magic on the grass during another scalding mid-summer day in 1998. You look down the road to see Chris Barker, the son of your neighbor, good kid, walking out to meet one of those hoodlums.

"Hey Chris look we really want you in our band, but we already have a Chris. So is it alright if we call you #2?"

"Fine with me."

Your butt itches so you scratch it while the kids in front of your house keep talking. They say something about another U.S. tour coming up soon, and mention something about feminism, but you need to head inside, the game is starting. What the hell do all the commentators know, the Pirates are going to take the World Series this year, you've got a feeling. So you slip back into the Lazyboy, crack open a Bud Light and try to relax. . . .

This is an interview, in 1999, with one of those hoodlums:

SLUG: So who's in the band? Names, ages, all that . . .

Justin Sane: I'm Justin Sane, I'm 19, I play guitar and sing. There's Pat Thetic, he's the other original member. He plays drums and he's 19. Chris joined the band about two years ago, he's 19 and he plays the guitar. Then our new bass player his name is #2, he's 17. He's starting to sing a lot also.

SLUG: How long have you guys been nineteen for?

JS: Ohhh about 5 years, maybe longer. A long time (laughter). . . . On our web page we did a little thing about each member. For mine it says born February 21, whatever makes him 19 years old (laughter).

SLUG: You guys always seem to be changing bass players, what's the total to date?

JS: Well permanent bass players we're on our third. We originally had Andy Flag. He quit about three years into the band, right after "Die For The Government" (first full length album) came out. Then we had a bass player named Jamie, she was from Canada. She would probably still be in the band but because she was from Canada it was really tough for her to keep going between Canada and Pittsburgh. So basically she just had to quit, she couldn't keep doing it. Our new bass player, #2, we've had him for about six or eight months. He's a great guy, really cool. In between all of those people we've had a lot of friends fill in, so we have had a lot of bass players. None of the other people were planning to be permanent, they were just helping us out.

SLUG: Jamie's nickname was "Cock" right?

JS: Right. She would never say "fuck", she'd say "cock" instead. So we just started calling her that.

SLUG: Do you guys still keep in touch with Andy Flag?

JS: Yeah, I just talked to him the other day. When he quit it was pretty bad, we weren't getting along with him and he wasn't getting along with us. But everything's cool now, we hang out and are friends again.

He doesn't really like punk rock that much anymore. He's more into hip-hop now, sort of a different scene . . . I think that was a problem with him being in Anti-Flag. He really doesn't play punk rock anymore.

SLUG: Are you into any music outside of punk? Or are you just die hard, nothing but . . .



JS: No actually I listen to a lot of different stuff. Billy Bragg, Liz Phair, The Smiths and Morrissey, those are like my favorite bands right there (laughter). Still I love punk rock, old bands like The Clash especially. I'm into emo, stuff like Lifetime . . .

SLUG: . . . They were great, it's too bad they broke up . . .

JS: It's a crying shame. They're probably one of the most underrated bands ever.

SLUG: I had just heard of them when they broke up.

JS: We both did (laughter). By the time I found out about them I was hearing that they were doing their last show.

SLUG: What about acoustic stuff, . . . do you even own an acoustic guitar?

JS: I actually play a lot of Irish folk music. My dad is from Ireland, and we'd always be playing that kind of stuff around the house while I was growing up.

SLUG: That hasn't really shown through in any of Anti-Flag's music. Even with the wave of Irish influenced punk bands, Dropkick Murphy's, The Ducky Boys . . .

JS: It's interesting that stuff is becoming so popular, considering (traditional Irish music) has been around for so long.

SLUG: Their location in Boston, with the city's Irish influence, is an important factor for those bands.

JS: Definitely

SLUG: On a more political note, what are your thoughts on the war in Kosovo?

JS: I think that Kosovo is a classic example that if you feed violence into a violent situation then the situation won't be made any better. I don't think that the government thought it out much beforehand. If they did think it out, then they just don't care about all the people who are being uprooted and moved out of their country. There is very little being done to actually help the people. What irks me the most about Kosovo is the inconsistency in U.S. policy which the situation brings to light. We trade with China, even though China has terrible human rights abuses. Then we say that we are going into Kosovo for humanitarian reasons. There is just no consistency, which is one of my biggest problems with U.S. policies.

SLUG: If it's a small country which we can wipe out quickly, then we'll do something; but if problems are being caused by a larger country then we'll just sort of stand by and watch.

JS: Exactly. All this also makes you wonder if the military industrial complex is benefiting from this. The U.S. arms manufactures are reaping the rewards here, while the people in Kosovo may not be. There is definitely a financial tie going on.

SLUG: Has Anti-Flag focused it's political stance over time, moving from the initial "Die For Your Government" battle cry, to the present call for Unity?

JS: I think that we are keeping the same ideals, but now we are trying to put out a more positive message. We are trying to put across a message that is a little more clear, so that people will understand what we're about. One of the problems with the "Die For Your Government" album was that a lot of people misinterpreted the stuff on it. People have come up to me at shows saying "you don't care about America", but I really like America. I think that America is a great place, still there are definitely some problems with America. There is no sense in ignoring the problems, because if we want to make America a better place we need to tackle those problems. So on this record we were trying to be a little more clear about those views.

SLUG: This record is giving more of a positive feel to kids who hear it.

JS: I think that is a result of assholes coming to our shows and starting fights. This record, we are trying to say that this is what we're about, being positive and sticking together. If people aren't into it, then fine, but don't come to our shows and fuck shit up.

SLUG: Right off the bat at your shows you start preaching unity, so the

people don't start getting all macho.

JS: Yeah, definitely, because I don't want to play so that people can beat the shit out of each other. That's not why I play. If people are going to do that, then I don't want to have anything to do with it. I'd rather play my acoustic guitar at Woodstock or something (laughter).

SLUG: Kind of on the same lines as punks being known by the general public as "those damn kids with mohawks, tattoos, and no respect for authority ..."

JS: Right.

SLUG: Do you think that hurts the punk movement in the eyes of mainstream society?

JS: It does, but at the same time a lot of the people don't want to be part of the mainstream, so they don't care how the mainstream feels about them. I agree that it can be a problem in that there are a lot of great things that punk rock has to say. It's too bad that punk is isolated to the point that people aren't willing to give it a chance. At the same time it is important that people can look the way they want to look. Punks can show that just because they look a certain way doesn't mean that they can't do anything positive. Not all teenagers are thugs; hanging out on the corner looking to bug somebody ... or smoking crack (laughter). The same is true with punk kids. People can see punk kids doing something positive. In that respect, it shows that just because someone looks different doesn't mean that they can't help to make positive changes.

SLUG: At the same time there are kids who work within the system, who may not have the "punk rock look," but are using punk ideals to do good stuff. Do you think that those people are under-realized?

JS: Definitely, there is no doubt about it. That is why we've always said that it's not about a look for us, it's about what's in your head.

SLUG: Anti-Flag is coming through Salt Lake pretty soon, right?

JS: We'll be through Salt Lake on this upcoming tour. Mid-June sometime (June 18th).

SLUG: So this is going to be a National tour?

JS: Yeah it is. The first half we're doing with Pinhead Circus, from BYO Records. The second quarter we are playing with Good Riddance and Sick Of It ALL. Then after that we hook up with one of the bands on our label, Reagan Squad. We'll be with them for about a week. The last week and a half of the tour we may just do by ourselves, we aren't sure yet.

SLUG: How long have you had your own label?

JS: We've had our own label for about a year.

SLUG: It's A-F records.

JS: That's right. It stands for "aww ... fuck". (laughter)

Which is another of our little jokes, since we knew that everyone would think it was "Anti-Flag" records.

SLUG: Who are some up and coming bands, anyone in particular to look out for?

JS: Definitely the Reagan Squad who are on A-F records and The Unseen who are also on A-F records. Other upcoming bands ... Plan A Project. Those are a few good ones.

SLUG: What about bands that have influenced your sound and your beliefs?

JS: To be honest that just ranges so far. A lot of bands that I listen to like Naked Ray Gun, The Jam, The Clash. Then too, some bands that might surprise you, stuff like The Smiths even creeps in there at times. You might not realize it, but it's in there.

SLUG: Are there any books or literature which have been influential in your beliefs?

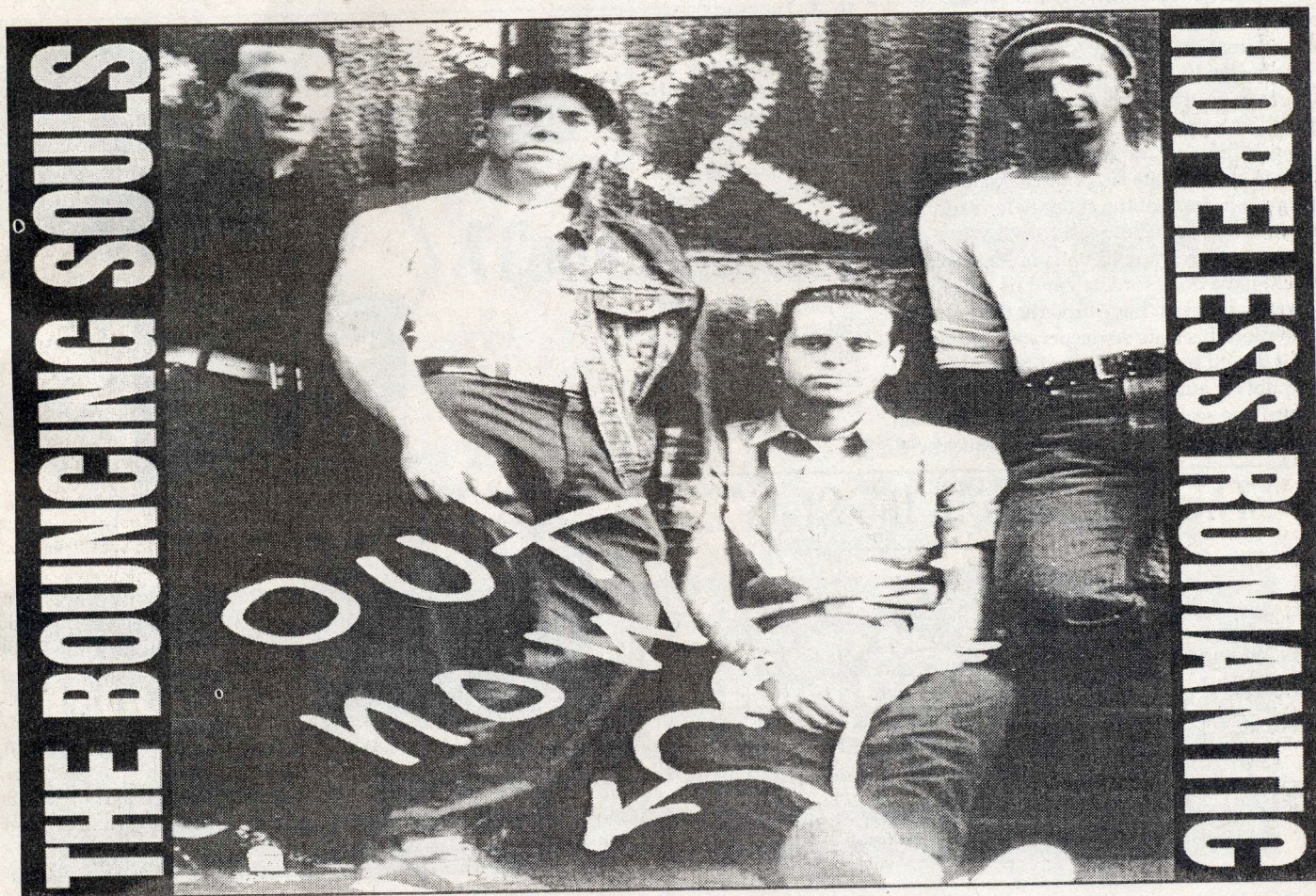
JS: Actually, a lot of Feminist literature that I've read. Feminist politics has probably influenced the way that I think. In school I focused on women's studies. The opportunity to learn about different ideologies is a good reason to go to school.

SLUG: So do you need to go?

JS: Yeah. (End)

The conversation went downhill from there. The remainder of the inquisition focused on car bombs and the revival of disco music, things that impressionable minds shouldn't be reading about.

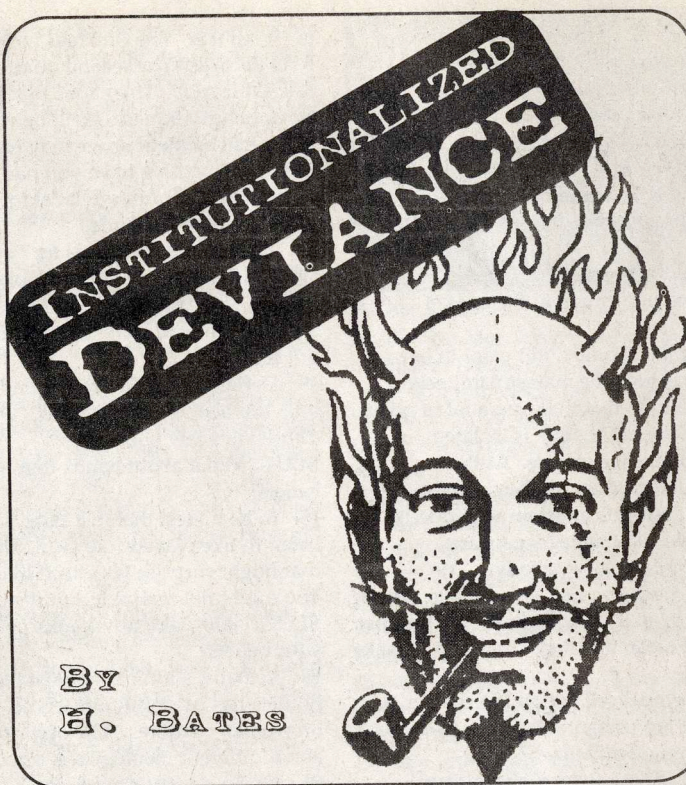
—BLACKOUT



Another N.B.A. season has passed for the Utah Jazz and still no championship title for the people of Utah. Perhaps this year, more than any other, the Jazz's early exit from the playoffs hit the collective Utah psyche like a ton of Greg Ostertag bricks. After all, it was not the Chicago Bulls that denied Utah's championship dreams the last two years, it was Michael Jordan. With "His Airness" out of the picture the championship was supposed to be inevitable. A foregone conclusion for a team who's clean cut image, character, and integrity are assumed to be far superior to that of the rest of the league by its loyal following. Virtues like hard work, dedication, and teamwork, which Utah's perceive the rest of the league lacks, were supposed to help catapult the Jazz to their first championship. Utah Jazz basketball was not merely a competition between our team versus theirs; it became much more than that.

The season and then the playoffs were transformed into battles between good and evil. Right against wrong. Us against them, again. Despite Karl Malone's off-season antics and on court elbows, Greg Ostertag's mercurial work ethic, and John Stockton's hard screens, the Utah Jazz became the symbol of Utah virtue. Then something went terribly wrong. The Jazz were beaten by the Portland Trailblazers in six games in the second round of the playoffs. Utah's title hopes were dashed and along with them another opportunity for Utah to show off its superior character and integrity in front of the entire nation and the world. Good somehow lost to evil.

Imagine what an NBA championship would have done for Utah and its citizenry. Not only would it have brought the national validation this state so desperately craves, but it would have also helped conceal from the public's attention the Salt Lake Olympic Committee scandal, which has done so much damage to Utah's self-esteem and squeaky-



clean Mormon image. Instead of helping repair the damage, the Jazz stumbled into the playoffs and then struggled in the first round against the Sacramento Kings who didn't seem to understand their role in the great Jazz championship run. Watching Vlade Divac playing his heart out while his family was being repeatedly bombed by NATO planes in Yugoslavia made it hard to hate the guy. The Kings managed to push the series to five games and in the process expose the Jazz as playoff pretenders rather than championship contenders. In addition, Karl Malone's elbows again became a source of national

debate with Jazz fans being the only ones who couldn't understand what the problem was. After all, we were the good guys. Then came the tattooed, thuggish Portland Trailblazers and game one at the Delta Center. It would be the last time Utah fans would experience the comfort that came with the assumption that the Jazz were destined to win the championship. That good always defeats evil. By game two the Jazz had begun the downward spiral that inevitably led to their demise in game six at Portland and the cold reality that there may not be a next year for these Utah Jazz. In the aftermath, Jazz fans are left only with questions and shattered assumptions. How could Utah's clean cut, virtuous heroes lose to the likes of Brian Grant, Rasheed Wallace, and Greg Anthony? How could the great Karl Malone choke in the most important game of his career? Why did Stockton miss all those lay-ups?

How could this possibly have happened? After all, we were supposed to be the good guys.

—H. Bates

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Published, somewhere, monthly since July 1991. The Outsight web site is <http://www.detroitmusic.com/out sight>. Email Outsight at outsight@usa.net

AN IPECAC LAUNCH

Former Alternative Tentacles label manager Greg Werckman and musician Mike Patton (Faith No More, Mr. Bungle) enter the record business as Ipecac Recordings (POB 1197, Alameda, CA 94501; ipecac@aol.com). This label is a home for Patton's collaborations and other experimental artists. The first three projects are from Fantomas (Patton with Mr. Bungle mate Trevor Dunn, Buzz from the Melvins and former Slayer drummer Dave Lombardo), Melvins and Maldoror (Patton and Merzbow).

PUNK NEVER DIES

Angry Samoans were part of that 80s punk scene, and they are still rocking today. Their new

album is more happy than angry, but there is a lot of punk attitude in its title "The 90s Suck and So Do You" (Triple X). This is an all-new album by a group previously presumed defunct. Power pop with distorted guitars, this Tulsa band has learned to laugh about what they once sneered about.

QUIET TIME

At times I want an album that will be interesting to a dinner party, but not distract from conversation. Sometimes I want to unwind to a record that will take my thoughts off the hectic day but not necessarily direct them. It has been one of those weeks and here are my antidotes.

Larry Coryell is a legendary jazz guitarist that actually can place himself in the company of Miles Davis, John Coltrane and Thelonious Monk, as he does on title of his latest release. Nevertheless, I'm actually looking one title back to the 32 Jazz release "Shining Hour." I find new hours of listening pleasure with every Coryell record I hear. "Shining Hour" is an instrumen-

tal album of thought provoking complexity and soothing grace.

Jason Rubenstein combines dark, Gothic piano interludes with jazzy guitar forays on "Cathedral" (Gearhead Music, 12358 Ventura Blvd., #232, Studio City CA, 91604). Swinging from the somber to the flashy, this instrumental album several times proved an analgesic soundtrack to rush hour traffic.

BLUES YOU CAN USE

Sweet Pea Atkinson is the husky voiced voice to the modern, funk-, blues-and rock-based Boneshakers. Atkinson began his career in Detroit working with Don Was, Exquisites, Energy and others. He went on to sing with Bonnie Raitt, Elton John, Lyle Lovett and more. The new Boneshakers album, "Shake the Planet" (Virgin), serves up classic Blues vocals and guitar with contemporary rhythms and production effects.

Much more traditional is the new album from Clarence "Gatemouth" Brown "Blackjack" out on Sugar Hill. Lyrical guitar work fuels the impact of sad ballads like "Here Am I" and upbeat romps like the instrumental "Tippin' In." Added instrumentation to this album really shines on "Tippin' In," which features flute and pedal steel guitar. Dobro, piano and trumpet figure in elsewhere. Brown is an expansive

artist that can incorporate country styles (here he plays fiddle on "Song for Renee (Gate's Tune)" along with the jazz of Louis Jordan and electric guitar blues of "T-Bone" Walker.

I keep the blues alive at my house this week Otis Rush's new album "Any Place I'm Going." This House of Blues release features mostly new material from the southpaw guitarist. This is

Rush's first album since 1994 and joins a sparse discography from a hardworking man. Rush has recorded only a few studio albums since the 70s. Very slick and modern, "Any Place" is a quintessential contemporary Chicago electric guitar blues album.

GET SHAGGED

Do you want to know the name of an album that both Frank Zappa and Henry Rollins and other musicians both give high praise to? Well, that album is The Shaggs' "Philosophy Of The World" reissued on the RCA Victor label. In having guests over from time to time, I have been advised not to give such ready access to my CD collection to acquaintances. But, in all these years, only one album has mysteriously disappeared. This one, and I figure that's also is firm evidence of its strong, cult appeal. Not for the faint of heart, but one listen to this album will obliterate any belief in your mind that you personally cannot make an unforgettable album. We must thank the father and "manager" of The Shaggs, Austin Wiggins for the genius to rush this project into the recording studio in their raw state, unblemished by conventional notions of rehearsing, harmonization, etc.

SHELF LIFE

Ask someone who knows, like a record store manager, how many new records come out each week and you will not believe the answer. One strong recording that still persists high on my list of important recent recordings is Ani DiFranco's "Up Up Up Up Up Up" (Righteous Babe). This woman has almost single-handedly raised folk rock from being a coffeehouse feature to an important and popular genre. Her songs are delivered like personal confessions or straight, no-B.S. observations. As if quality were not enough, Ani does it all outside of the clutches of the music industry and without an ounce of pretentiousness. Like all of the albums that I heard, "Up Up Up Up Up Up" comes across like a message from a friend.

David Sylvian gloomy new release is "Dead Bees on a Cake."

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Old friends of his, like guitarist Bill Frisell, join in on the creation of the maudlin effort along with such guests as experimental guitarist Marc Ribot and tabla player Talvin Singh. The swirling compositions range from languid beauty to piercing, blues-leaning numbers.

No strangers to tragedy themselves, Scottish and Irish peoples give us many of the world's saddest songs. Joined by some folk fiddle players, early music ensemble Hesperus examines the earliest material from these nations on "Celtic Roots" (Maggie's Music). You think it is a cello, but what you actually are hearing is a bass viola da gamba as this trio applies period instrumentation for an unusual "chamber Celtic" effect. Believe it or not, many immigrants of this ancestry became our first bluegrass players in the remote Appalachian area. Modern descendants of these musical breeds includes present-day "Bluegrass 99" (Pinecastle). The fifth in an important series of lonesome or just plain country happy recordings.

By combining the cream of the contemporary talent and an excellent song list, this is the only new bluegrass recording for '99. (If you can stop at just one.) All the tools of the trade - banjo, mandolin, fiddle and Dobro (resophonic guitar) - are on hand for this recording.

TAKE THE CHALLENGE

As if Mr. Bungle and at least a half-dozen more other projects were not enough, avant-bassist Trevor Dunn now leads his own Trio-Convulsant. This group mixes moody jazz with convulsive rock. Also in the trio is guitarist Adam Levy (Dan Hicks, Tracy Chapman, The Hot Club of San Francisco, etc.) and drummer Kenny Wollesen. A good album for people who like King Crimson and free jazz. Their album "Deputantes & Centipedes" is on the Dutch Challenge Records label, distributed in America by Eurojazz.

Also distributed in the States by Eurojazz is the Swedish label LJ Records. "Opus Apus" is the new album on LJ by the Jormin /

Gustafsson /Jormin trio. Nine originals follow a cover of Ornette Coleman's "What Reasons Could I Give?" As with the most spirited and experimental music of Coleman, the bold and unexpected forays of a saxophonist are the basis for this album. Mats Gustafson (an important free jazz figure that has worked with Derek Bailey, Barry Guy, etc) supported by an agile and adventurous Jormin rhythm section. Bassist Anders Jormin has also supported Don Cherry, Charles Lloyd and many others.

REVIEWS

Matthew Shipp with William Parker / DNA
Thirsty Ear, 274 Madison Ave.
#804, NYC NY 10016
<http://www.thirstyear.com>

"DNA" is a seven-song swan song. Matthew Shipp publicly declared that this, his 12th album, is to be his last. Shipp, a man that shared a teacher with John Coltrane (Dennis Sandole) and offered a sound that won over fans of jazz, neo-classical and

even punk completed his oeuvre in eleven years. While often pigeonholed as "free jazz," Shipp's stated claim is to build the "rigorously sculpted discord that Jimi Hendrix aspired to on guitar." This CD begins with a heavy, percussive attack on "When Johnny Comes Marching Home." Feverishly, Parker attacks with his bow the thick strings of his bass shortened by his fingers into a viola register. Parker is the only other musician on this album. After this bombastic opening, the two ease into the beginning of a five-song series themed on genetic science.

The genetic sequence of "Call Sequence" is a call-and-response between piano and bass that is sparse, open and varies from a swinging, traditional jazz sound to something skeletal and angular. "Genetic Alphabet" is a study in quiescence almost morbid in its brooding. By degrees, Shipp and Parker take us to the rugged slopes of extemporaneous play. Closer listens reveal premeditated and ingrained structure to the culminating jam, "Mr.

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7 SECONDS NO MEANS NO
THE MUFFS DESCENDENTS
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GOOBER PATROL
GOOD RIDDANCE

OUTSIGHT

Chromosome." As this final work began with a cover, so it ends with a sincere prayer of thanks and celebration in "Amazing Grace." (5)

Snakefinger/ Chewing Hides the Sound/Greener Pastures
East Side Digital, 530 N 3d St., Mnpls MN, 55401
<http://www.noside.com>
esd@noside.com

English avant-guitarist Philip Charles Lithman, AKA Snakefinger, began an association with The Residents in 1969, before the group even had that name. The Residents co-produced these two albums with Snakefinger. 1979's "Chewing" includes a cover of Kraftwerk's "The Model." This is very appropriate because both groups relied heavily on mechanical, angular rhythms and lyrics loaded with more visual metaphor than mean-

ing, like "Jesus was a Leprechaun." "Pastures" followed in 1980. Together these albums examine the peculiar and

unique material of a cult guitarist extraordinaire. Much variety is spread over the two albums, with each song a quirky island in a sea of sonic oddity. "Here Comes the Bums" ("Chewing") is hip and cool while "Who is the Culprit and Who is the Victim?" off the same album is tense and neurotic.

The gamut on "Greener" runs from the edgy depression ballad "Living in Vain" to "I Come from an Island" with an oppressive beat and stark message that could come from The Residents' "The Mole Show". A listen to these albums together and a consideration of his immense contribution to The Residents sound will show that the man certainly did not live in vain. (BOTH, 4)

PantyChrist / "Pantychrist"
Seeland, 1290 Monument Blvd. MF-1
<http://www.negativland.com>

PantyChrist is a dense mixture of samples, sound and rhythms. The instrumentation is only voice, sampler, turntables and guitar. The trio behind this small arsenal is San Fran' sampler Bob Ostertag (John Zorn, Fred Frith, Lynn Breedlove, etc.), Tokyo noise DJ Otomo Yoshihide (Yamatsuka Eye, Boredoms, Ground Zero, etc.) and New York drag queen Justin Bond (Hedwig and the Angry Inch). The resultant mix seethes with anger and sociopathic content. At their most 'wrong,' PantyChrist mixes the simple, bright melodies of childhood with the obscenely suggestive notions of an unleashed pervert. The record is released on Negativland's label and with that group's enthusiastic support, so you know no holds are barred in the "culture jamming" iconoclasm displayed in these decidedly non-PC audio collages. And definitely, definitely, don't let someone like your parents or the FBI find "Pantychrist" in your possession. (3.5)

TOE 2000 / TOE 2000
Atavistic/Truckstop, 2355 S. Michigan Ave. #4W, Chicago IL, 60616

Truckstop@compuserve.com

TOE 2000 eponymous debut is an album of coarse, effected rock tones that can be felt. These hardy notes go right over equally substantial, slow-tempo electronic beats. Giving these pieces life is the impressionistic, rich voice of Yoko Noge - moving freely between English, and her native Japanese. Mostly recorded live, the feeling of TOE 2000 is organic and flowing, a river of sound opposed to the sectional verse-chorus-verse structure of pop music. A fascinating album, TOE 2000 is more a sonic journey than a collection of songs. (3.5)

STYLUS COUNCIL

According to the recently issued 1998 mid-year statistic of the Recording Industry Association of America (RIAA) from January 1997 to June 1997: 1.4 million vinyl LPs and EPs

CONTINUED on page 26

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Four albums and seven years ago, dada released *Puzzle*, a critically hailed album that birthed the single "Dizz Knee Land;" the song for which dada is best known for. Subsequent releases, 1994's *American Highway Flower*, 1996's *El Subliminoso* (both on I.R.S.) and their self-titled 1998 MCA release *dada*, met with little or no airplay. For the uninitiated, this may seem like just another "Where Are They Now?" story. Well, *dada* is a band that deserves recognition from the masses, not just critical acclaim. The music industry is pushing one-dimensional, one-hit bands to the point of overkill, the truly good bands fall by the wayside and the people they have affected are left to old recordings and memories. Recently, *Slug Magazine* was granted an interview with Michael Gurley, guitarist and vocalist with *dada*. To be fair, it is not so much an interview as it is a forty-five minute conversation between fan and well, hero. Here is a partial transcription:

SLUG: Thanks for taking the time for this.

Michael Gurley: Oh, very happy to. Very happy. (Panting) Little out of breath.

SLUG: Were you running for the phone?

MG: No, I was actually doing some yoga outside. I'm done perfect timing. I just started about two months ago. I've been doing it every day. I kinda like it. I've always been liberally challenged. I've never been able to touch my toes or anything, so this is something I need to do before I get to be ninety years old or even fifty and can't move.

SLUG: You know, I haven't really prepared any questions. I kinda figured we could just talk and I'd ask questions as they come to me. I've been a fan since *Puzzle* and I'm really happy to have gotten this interview.

MG: Excellent. So you've been a fan since the beginning, the first record and all that stuff?

SLUG: Yeah, I remember when I bought it. A friend and I were at Musicland and I picked up the cassettes how long ago it was he said, "You've got to hear these guys," so I bought it.

MG: It wasn't an eight-track was it? (Laughs)

SLUG: No, you guys didn't put anything out on eight-track did you?

MG: No. We could release the next record on eight-track. That'd be a challenge.



SLUG: You'd have to sell the players with it.

MG: Right.

SLUG: Well, I was rather surprised to hear that *dada* had a new album. The last thing I'd heard was that you had an arthritic condition that hindered your playing guitar and that you could only play for like, twenty minutes at a time.

MG: Oh, well yeah, I've got tendentious in my wrists. I've had that since the end of the first record. It's a drag!

SLUG: I can imagine.

MG: It's the reason I'm taking up yoga. It's an ongoing thing, man. Its just uh, for a guitar player like myself who's been playing guitar all my life It's a bit of a nightmare. John Lennon said "have to suffer for your art," you know. Well, here I go. I've been playing guitar all my life since I was seven years old and then by then end of the first tour, the beginning of the second record I got tendentious in my wrists. I didn't know what the hell to do, you know. When we made the second record you have to play a lot when you make a record just thought it'd go away, and it hasn't. It's tough, you know.

It's a lifelong thing. I have to really watch it. I exercise three times a day, I do my own massage on my wrists. But I'm not about to give up guitar, man. I'll do whatever it takes. I envy those guys that can just sit down and play their guitar as much as they want, which was me for the first twenty years of my playing, but then all of a sudden something happened, you know.

SLUG: So how is it for you when you're on tour?

MG: Yeah, not enough. We toured for about two and a half, three months and when I'm out on the road everything seems to be fine with my wrists. It was great touring, it's the time of my life. I don't know how some artists say "I don't like going out on the road." I don't understand that it's so foreign to me, cause it's so much fun and you're a musician. What else are you supposed to do? You got play. I wish I was on the road right now. Sleeping in dumpy hotels and eating bad chicken sandwiches"

SLUG: Those bad chicken sandwiches are pretty good.

MG: Yeah

—Randy Harward



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OUTSIGHT

were shipped for a dollar value of \$18.2 million. For singles during that time, 4.5 million units were shipped worth \$21 million. For the same period in 1998 the numbers were 1.6 million LPs/EPs worth \$16 million and 3 million singles worth \$14.3 million. That's a 14.3% increase in the number of LPs and EPs with a 12.1% decrease in dollar value. 1.4% more singles were churned out increasing their worth by 3.8%. It looks like rock seven-inches wide are holding up better than 12" dance singles.

Los Infernos / The Outlaw
Alternative Tentacles, POB
419092, SF CA, 94141-9092
<http://www.alternativetentacles.com>
<http://www.losinfernos.com>

Los Infernos is the response by Alternative Tentacles to the success other labels have had with groups like Reverend Horton

Heat and The Supersuckers. Los Infernos has elements of both approaches. And, on the back of this, seven-inch they look like Los Lobos' mean, rural cousins. All the bases are covered, because the title track has vocals and the B-Side doesn't. (2.5)

Queen Bee
Fine b/w Smitten
Alternative Tentacles, POB
419092, SF CA, 94141-9092
<http://www.alternativetentacles.com>
QueenBee118@juno.com

From watching Karen Neal for years in Detroit hardcore femme fatale outfit Inside Out, I knew Neal was a great bass player. Later on, during a brief stint with His Name Is Alive we found she could really sing. Warren Defever of HNIA recorded this seven-inch which brings out both sides of Karen's talent. "Fine" is Karen with her pipes at their most golden and "Smitten" is hardcore with her bass at its most thumping. (3.5)

Kent 3 / The Sleeper b/w Hatsov
Turod

The Get Up Kids / 10 Minutes
b/w Anne Arbour
Sub Pop Records, POB 20645,
Seattle WA, 98102
Singlesclub@subpop.com

Sub Pop satisfies popular demand with the return of the Singles Club. Subscribe in a year and I guarantee that in the next year you will have a couple cuts from the new stars of modern rock, whoever they may end up being. As for whether that will be Kent 3 or not, I can't say. The group is doing a good job as revisiting the power-pop era, but seeing as how the 70s are just now creeping back to us, I'd say their about 10 years ahead of their time. The Get Up Kids are trying the same approach, but with more oomph. You could put them in the same league as Possum Dixon and they even have a bit of the early Green Day about them. (Kent 3, The Get Up Kids 3.5)

ZINES

Gutless
c/o Stephen Ernest Cramer, POB
725368, Berkley, MI 48072-5368
Gutless can be a seen as an

"indie pop" fanzine. Basically, indie pop means accessible, upbeat, pop-styled music made outside of the music industry by bands operating under a do-it-yourself ethic. The Fall 1998 issue I have contains road diaries written by Stephen based on trips to Athens, Georgia and Washington, D.C. to attend and participate in indie pop events. Typically of a zine, Gutless contains numerous record and zine reviews. Gutless also features several interviews. A few of the interviews are with recognizable acts like Superchunk and Stereolab. Also featured is a look at two, independent labels from Ann Arbor, Michigan and Bloomfield Hills, Michigan that promote and distribute "Michigindie" artists.

Joan's Towne
Citizens of Xee, POB 45636,
Seattle, WA 98145-0636
Gotee@speakeasy.org

The steady theme through Joan's Towne is one of aliens and UFOs. The concurrent themes are religions and languages.

The meat of this issue, The Cult Issue, is an interview with a

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reformed cult member on the
 "Mingo of brainwashing as the
 interviewer makes sly alien
 abduction jokes.

In another article, a Jewish
 subtext is elucidated from "Star
 Wars." Plenty of goofiness and a
 few poems are included.

Sicko

Mats!?, POB 401089, SF CA,
 94140

Sick is a large tabloid of sick,
 depraved and sometimes funny
 comics. Mats!? did all the comics
 creation in this premier issue.
 Frame after frame of disgusting
 little characters in grubby little
 worlds perform acts of mutilation
 and self-mutilation.

Mats!?, aka Mats Stromberg,
 also puts out the glossy covered
 comic Prego which boasts similar,
 but more diverse, revolting fare.

Active Transformation
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activetrans@hotmail.com

Active Transformation is an
 anarchist tabloid where "direct

action" takes the place of ideolo-
 gy. Active Transformation keeps
 tabs on the growing police state
 here and the evils of America's
 foreign policy.

Willzine

321 N Pottstown Pk.
 Exton PA, 19341

Willzine is by a guy who went
 to Burning Man and walked
 around naked with his dick paint-
 ed green. So, you know there is all
 sort of oddball stuff in it. Beside
 plenty on the Burning Man event,
 there are excerpts from a 50s sex
 manual sprinkled throughout.
 This personal zine is full of pub-
 lisher Will M.'s observations on
 well-known assholes and aspects
 of suburbia that he loathes.
 Beside including poetry, Will
 even goes as far as to sing the
 praises of B-movie "Motel Hell."

"Don't be normal, be natural!"

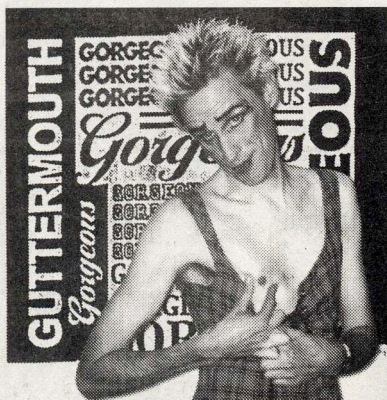


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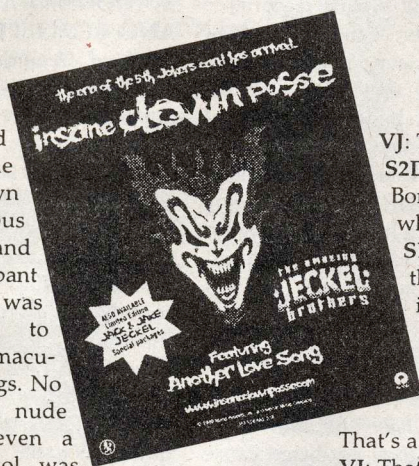
GUTTERMOUTH



ICP INVITED THE MEDIA ALONG ON IT'S '99 PRESS TOUR...

ALL THEY GOT WAS **SLUG**.

NO WONDER THEY WERE PISSED!



I was invited aboard the Insane Clown Posse's tour bus recently and instead of rampant debauchery, I was surprised to encounter immaculate surroundings. No bongos, no nude women, not even a drop of alcohol was present—well, to be fair, I didn't go through the fridge (no one left me alone long enough for a peek).

The purpose of the interview was to discuss the band's impending album, *The Amazing Jeckel Brothers*, subsequent tour, a straight-to-video feature film starring ICP's Shaggy 2 Dope and Violent J, and the ultimate in merchandising vanity, Insane Clown Posse action figures.

Here is a partial transcription of our conversation:

SLUG: So you guys are just driving around from city to city doing tour bus inter—

Violent J: We're not doin' a goddamn thing! Nothin' at all.

Shaggy 2 Dope: Whoever set up this tour is an asshole!

VJ: Whoever thought of this whole tour idea is a fuckin' bastard. We're supposed to be doing press—radio interviews, weeklies, dailies...and we're not doin' shit. This is the first interview we've done in three weeks.

SLUG: So you've just been driving around this whole time?

VJ: Yup. The press hates us, you know what I mean? They always twist and turn our words around, make us sound evil. Well, I'm not evil at all, just a little bit wicked...you know what I mean?

S2D: Wick-eeeeed....

VJ: And the press hates us—nobody cares about Insane Clown Posse. That's why we haven't been doin' any press. Nobody cares no more. It's the end of the world, right Shaggy?

S2D: That's right.

VJ: TALK LOUDER!

S2D: THAT'S RIGHT! New millennium. Bombs are ready to be dropped. That's what I'm sayin'.

SLUG: So with all of this merchandising, the movie, the new album...nobody's interested?

VJ: Nobody in *this* world, but in *our* world...in our Juggalo world, it's completely different.

S2D: That's a world without press.

That's a world without MTV.

VJ: That's a world without radio stations. That is the underground world. That is the Insane Clown Posse lives in. See what I'm sayin'? Think about it. Think about this for a minute: Insane Clown Posse is horrible, terrible, ruthless, evil, offensive...all that shit. We don't deny it. (To Shaggy) Right? But we don't shove our product down anybody's throats. You don't see us on MTV, right? Sure, our videos might be controversial, they might be offensive to most people. But that's why we're not on MTV. You know what I mean? You don't even see us in

concert unless you want to. We don't come to town on the Ozzfest or the Warped Tour or on any of that shit. We tour alone. And if you want to see one of our opening acts, as soon as they're done, you can leave. The only time you ever see ICP is when you go looking for it. Right? We keep it all in our own world. They don't play us on the radio. 'Cause it's offensive. The only way you'd ever hear our offensive music is if you went and bought it. The only way you'd ever see our offensive live performance is if you went and bought a ticket! The only way you'd ever be exposed to one of our awful videos is if you went and bought it and put it in your VCR. That's our own world. We know what we do everybody hates, but we keep it in our own world. But back to this world, the world that we're in right now? Nobody cares. Everybody hates us.

S2D: Which is fine with us. We don't give a fuck about this world anyway.

VJ: Fuck the world. That's what I always say.

—Randy Harward



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CD REVIEWS FOR THE RECORD COMPANY MAN

REBELS & OUTLAWS

Various Artists
Capitol

This disc is subtitled "Music From the Wild Side of Life." In the liner notes, they proudly state that this music "reduces the human condition to drinking, whoring and gambling." Wanda Jackson's "Riot in Cell Block Number Nine" is a classic example of this attitude. While the other girls of country music were singing songs about boys, Wanda was entertaining them in her room. Every person on this has been on the wrong side of the law, Johnny Cash, Johnny Paycheck, Merle Haggard and Willie Nelson, to name a few. Song titles include "Live Fast, Love Hard, Die Young," "Cocaine Blues," "Evil Hearted Me" and "(Pardon Me) I've Got Someone to Kill" are among the song titles. This music was made back when country was a lot more rude and rowdy than it is these days. This is some psycho country fun.

—T.R.

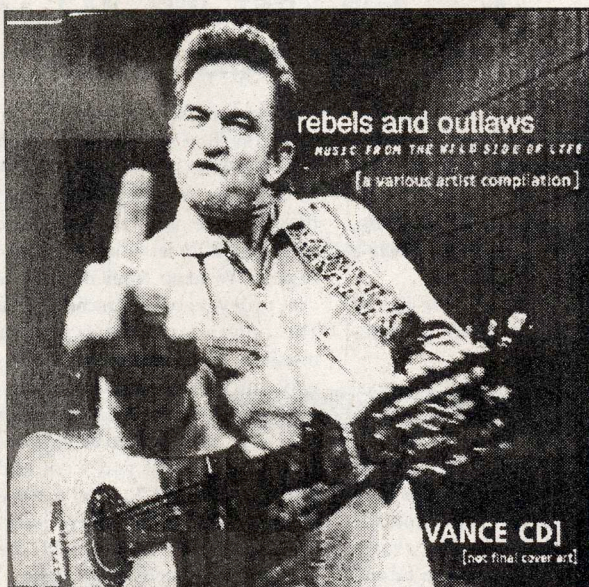
Short Music For Short Poeples Fat Wreck Chords

"101 Bands in 101 Words"

You can't help but look like an idiot when you listen to "Short Music For Short People." By the time you've got your stylish little head bob and foot tap in time with

the music a new song has started, but of course you keep trying (and failing miserably).

Even within the ruthless time constraints imposed by Fat Mike and his evil legion of trolls, every band gives a surprisingly good idea of what they're all about. Everything from Pop Punk to Hardcore gets playing time on what is likely the most comprehensive punk album ever thrown together. The Subhumans, Descendants, Black Flag, and others emerge from retirement with new material for the



album. Bad Religion, NOFX, GWAR, Diesel Boy, Swingin' Utters, Anti-Flag, and Less Than Jake (along with damn near every other band), impressed me with their incredible time management skills. In a surprise move, Avail dusts off the old acoustic guitar giving the listener a rare glimpse of their tender side. Not to be outdone, Green Day contributes a song that will whisk you away to the magic land of MTV Unplugged. Something for everyone, and then some. That's all, count it.

—Blackout

H2O/ F.T.T.W.

Epitaph records

For some reason these guys seem really excited in the band photos. I personally wouldn't be jumping around to this music, but I guess that's their prerogative. The fifth track, "Fading", is pretty good, so is "Helpless Not Hopeless". The guitars and voice are driven through the album at

breakneck speed by the solid drum work. It all sounds a lot like the other stuff I've heard of theirs, basically hard and fast.

H2O is my favorite hardcore punk band, which is to say they are the only one I can stand. If you like H2O and that hardcore sound, then you'll probably get a woody over this. They've got some good things to say, I just wish they'd say them to different music.

—Blackout

Integrity 2000/ Victory Records

Before even listening to this record I was leery, mostly cause I think Anton LaVey is an idiot and anybody who believes that any of his stolen ideological garbage is more than a marketing scheme is an even bigger idiot. Well, this band has got a little picture of him up on the inside cover. Damn it! Can't I get a good band? All this and I haven't even listened to the band yet....I know, I am a bad bad King.

So I decide to throw in the CD and give it a listen and then I go to the web site they got listed cause me, I am an Internet junky and well I got no press info on this fine little band. It seems they were called Integrity before and added the 2000 to mark some anniversary for the singer guy.

The music is very angry...

It's all full bore and full bile all the time. Fine, I can accept that they are after all angry young men apparently.

It's kinda like Slayer and kinda like Kreator and Biohazard. Its good for what it is—it's hard, its loud, and its got some Captain Crunch to it. However the artwork on the front reminds me of another Cleveland Band Craw, they were incredible and I'm sad they are gone. I guess I was hoping it would be more in the math rock vain than the hardcore shlock one. If you like Earth Crisis, you'll like the music here but maybe not the message.

—Sausage King

Citizen Fish / Active Ingredients Lookout Records

Hmmmmmm....Mikey Likes it. The best of the bunch. Its not original, but its good and what it does. Its all old school sounding and it makes me feel all fuzzy. Its got some humor and some swing to it

(not that fucking big bad voodoo crap, but swing with bounce and panache).

Think late seventies/early eighties British punk/ John Lydon vocal style thrown in on top of it all. Citizen Fish has been around for a long time if you haven't heard them, check this record out. If you do know them, you'll know this isn't much of a departure for them but its good none the less.

—Sausage King

Tributes to JIMI HENDRIX, MADONNA, ALICE COOPER AND LED ZEPPELIN—Searching for Jimi Hendrix, Virgin Voices, Humanatary Stew and Great Zepplin

Searching for Jimi Hendrix is the best of these albums by far. This album is very different from most tribute albums in the fact that each artist does the song the way *they* sound, not the way Jimi sounds. The most interesting of the bunch is Laurie Anderson's take on "1983 (A Merman I Should Turn to Be)." It sounds NOTHING like the original and is quite enjoyable. The same goes for the Five Blind Boys of Alabama's "Drifting." Very original. Los Lobos does a splendid "Are You Experienced?" Los Illegals sound pretty good on "Little Wing." A normally interesting Rosanne Cash turns in a rather mundane reading of "Manic Depression." There are several others here, but another worthy of mentioning is Chuck D's "Free at the Edge of An Answer," which is a personal tribute to someone he considers his mentor. He refers to Jimi and his greatness for starting all "that guitar shit." This CD is worth the price for Chuck D, Los Lobos and Laurie Anderson.

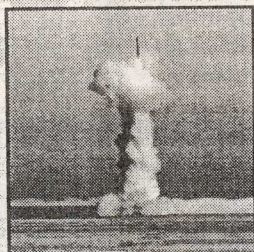
Virgin Voices is a tribute to Madonna. Heaven 17 starts off with "Holiday." It sounds fairly close except for the male vocal. Loleatta Holloway's "Like a Prayer" is convincing. Annabella of Bow Wow Wow does "Like a Virgin," and it's just as ironic and awful as it was the first time around. Berlin's "Live to Tell" sounds almost exact. Gene Loves Jezebel's "Frozen" and The Voluptuous Horror of Karen Black's "Burning Up" are definitely the best here for the dance floor. Some of this is awful, but if you're

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KKKK - Kerrang!

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a member of the local Goth Gang, there is plenty of techno-industrial music here to keep you interested.

Great Zeppelin has some good news and bad news. The good news is that it's a Led Zep tribute, the bad news is that it's done by Great White. However, it's a nice selection of songs they did. "Stairway to Heaven" is the only greatly overplayed choice. Less popular songs like "In the Light," "Tangerine" and "The Rover" are also done. Better than it sounds on paper. This didn't lead me to a conclusion that Great White are brilliant, but that Led Zep is hard to fuck up very badly.

Humanatary Stew also has its moments. Members of Def Leppard, Megadeth, the Who, Guns 'N' Roses, Dio, Motley Crue, Iron Maiden, Twisted Sister, L.A. Guns, Black Sabbath, Deep Purple, Dokken and the Sex Pistols all in various lineups covering Alice Cooper. "Black Widow" by Bruce Dickinson is creepy and a definite highlight. Glenn Hughes destroys the only 'slow' song here, "Only Women Bleed." Guns 'N' Roses fans be excited, the last track, "Elected," is basically GNR without Axl on vocals. This is a metal lovers feast.

—T.R.

ELVIS PRESLEY *Sunrise, The Home Recordings, Suspicious Minds* RCA

Apparently, Elvis isn't really dead, the believers are right. RCA currently is re-releasing his '56 debut album with six bonus tracks, 1960's *Elvis is Back* with six more bonus tracks and the 1970 *Elvis on Stage* with seven more. There is also a new compilation of '66 to '68 recordings called *Tomorrow is a Long Time*.

However, the three highlights of the Elvis re-issues are *Sunrise, The Home Recordings* and *Suspicious Minds*. *Sunrise* is certainly the best of the lot. This was formerly a five star album known as *The Complete Sun Sessions*.

This album mixed a harder sound (for that time) mixing elements of gospel, blues and hillbilly music. Most critics would tell you that this album invented rock 'n' roll. It's now a two-disc set. The first disc is full of Elvis classics like "That's All Right," "Blue Moon" and "Good Rockin' Tonight."

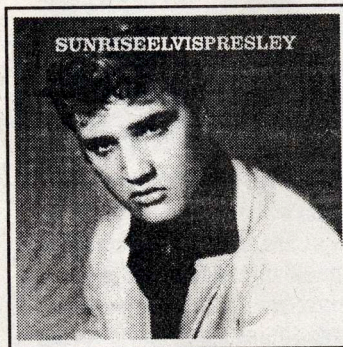
The Bill Monroe penned "Blue Moon of Kentucky" is also on this one. Now, to make this set a little better, they've added a second disc with another 19 tracks, mostly made up of live versions and demos. Eight of these have never been released. So, they've taken a five-star album and made it better. What? Six stars?

The Home Recordings is an album of stripped-down versions of some hits and some others, sort of like an Elvis Unplugged. "San Antonio Rose," "Mona Lisa" and "Tennessee Waltz" appear in different form. While singing "My Heart Cries For You," he forgets the words. On the liner notes, they say that they have done everything to achieve maximum sound quality but they also paid attention to historic content. This basically means it's somewhat interesting, but the fluctuation in sound will annoy some. For collectors only.

Suspicious Minds used to be known as *From Elvis in Memphis*. This one has Elvis leaving rock 'n' roll and sloppy home recordings behind and doing an excellent, slick pop album. Three of his biggest hits

are on this one, "In the Ghetto," "Kentucky Rain" and the title track. This album started to turn his career into a positive direction again after a few years of hits and misses. The song selection is great, and as far as being a pop album goes, it's one of the better ones. So, they decided to make this one better as well. It also gets the bonus disc treatment. 24 tracks, mostly demo versions of the original album.

Nine of these were previously unreleased. A very low point,



however, is his version of "Hey Jude." Luckily, it's the only real low point. This is a great pop album.

If you're an old-school Elvis fan, or have thought about it, now is a great time to check some of these releases out. *Sunrise* is essential for every taste and every collection.

—T.R.

WOODY ALLEN *Standup Comic* Rhino

You've seen the movies and laughed your ass off. But long before he became a master of cinema, Woody entertained folks in night clubs with his standup routines. His first movie "What's Up Tiger Lily?" made it's debut 33 years ago, but several already knew of his humor. The first recording here is from 1964. This disc combines three shows that were only previously available on vinyl. He tells us about all of his problems and tries to convince us that all of his stories are true. On "Oral Contraception" he asks a beautiful woman to have sex with him and she tells him "no." His line on "Mechanical Objects" concerns how technology abuses him. "I have a sun lamp that rains on me," he moans. The best moment here is "Kidnapped." After his

parents receive the ransom note which informs him of the kidnapping, they "quickly spring into action" and rent his room to somebody else. If you're a fan of the films, you will LOVE this!!

—T.R.

Anti-Flag *A New Kind of Army-CD* Go-Kart/A-F Records

There are two things that have always attracted me to punk rock — energy and purpose.

A good punk band delivers a message which they believe in, and that message shouldn't just be some street profit/my-fantasy-of-the-hour, whim, there needs to be a brain behind it. ANTI-FLAG yet again has set a standard for other bands to follow, both in their music and their message. The album kicks you in the ass from the first track forward.

Arguably their best song written to date, "Tearing Everyone Down" pulls out of the gates with a raw, unchecked energy. Without slowing it down, they go into "Captain Anarchy," a song that draws attention to the hypo-critical and deconstructive nature so prevalent within the punk scene. ANTI-FLAG hits on women's issues in the song "No Apology," then half way through they cross into the current business trends of downsizing and moving work overseas.

Even if you don't agree with everything ANTI-FLAG stands for, they have an opinion which will be heard. Their sense of equality, peace, and unity is a positive trend which other bands could stand to learn something from.

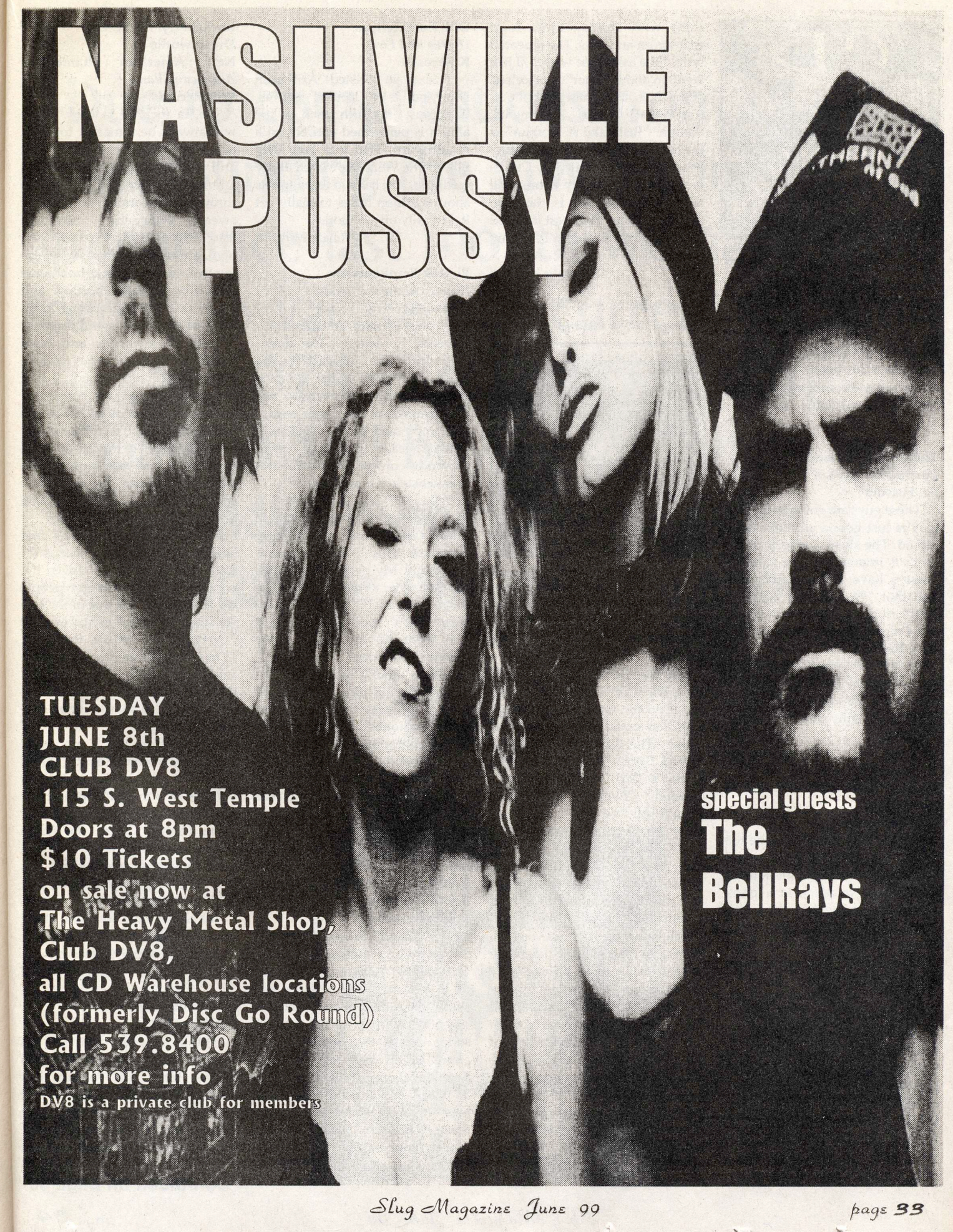
—Blackout

TAL BACHMAN / *Self-titled* Columbia

Son of Randy Bachman, of BTO fame. Luckily, doesn't sound like him at all. Not that I have anything against dad, but the 70's are over and we don't miss them because we've heard too damn much of them. And, by the time you read this, you've probably heard too much of "She's So High," the first single off the album. If you haven't heard it yet, it's a fairly enjoyable slice of pop music. It's like a more melodic and mellow version of Brit-pop, although the singer actually



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resides in Canada. The songs are all either love songs or scorned love songs. "Romanticide's" title puts romance right up there with homicide, genocide and suicide. On "I Am Free," he says, "I gave you all I am/And all I hope to be/Now I am free." This is certainly not a groundbreaking venture, but an enjoyable one.

—T.R.

The Country Teasers Destroy All Human Life Fat Possum

These guys are going to hell. Or they're just gonna get their asses kicked. The sheer audacity of the lyrics is impressive. The Country Teasers have fucking balls. I'm told that "Women and Children First" is meant tongue-in-cheek, but I'd still watch my back if I were them.

As far as the music goes, it's not in the typical Fat Possum blues vein at all. It's a perverse form of roots rock with morbid appeal. Good stuff.

—Randy Harward

Sammy Hagar and the Waboritas Red Voodoo MCA Records

If you think about this one too much, you'll ruin it for yourself. "Red Voodoo", Hagar's follow-up to *Marching to Mars*, is a party album. The recipe for a drink (the Waborita) on the CD insert and the first single, "Mas Tequila," allude to this. Just get tanked, crank it up and enjoy.

—Randy Harward

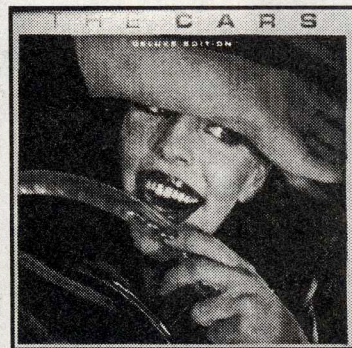
RL Burnside / Come On In Fat Possum

Forget the House of Blues, this is House Blues. R.L. Burnside is an innovator in the blues genre. Burnside retains the foot tapping, front porch feel of Mississippi blues and flavors it with beats. "It's Bad You Know" mixes moon-

shine with Ecstasy, blues harp with drum and bass. The repeated lyric, "She asked me why.../I just went on and told her" is priceless. "Come On In" is not without its traditional blues moments, though. "Just Like A Woman" is Burnside with a Strat and a tiny little amp accompanied by Calvin Jackson's snare-heavy drumming and "Come On In" is the man alive and alone. The most inspired blues album I've heard in a long time.

—Randy Harward

THE CARS Deluxe Edition / Rhino



The Cars self-titled debut was released in 1978 and won thousands of fans and critics over instantly with a combination of smart pop with quirky new wave hooks.

On the *Deluxe Edition*, they have taken the entire album and put it on the first disc. So many hits, they could have called their debut "The Cars Greatest Hits." "Good Times Roll," "My Best Friend's Girl," "Just What I Needed," "Bye Bye Love" and "You're All I've Got Tonight" are all on this classic.

It's now packaged with a second disc and five extra tracks. The songs from the original album are all here in demo form, all except for "Good Times Roll," which is represented in live form. Worth owning for the five new tracks, "They Won't See You," "Take What You Want," "Wake Me Up," "You Just Can't Push Me" and "Hotel Queenie" which are all either demo versions of songs that ended up on other albums or they were never released.

Now, if only Rhino will do the same treatment to the *Heartbeat City* album. Hint hint.

—T.R.

Old Time Religion Uterus and Fire K Records

This is so twisted. Arrington Dionysio is a lunatic genius. "Khomus," the fifth track on the album is performed entirely on a mouth harp. That was how they played the Wedding March at my wedding. You have to listen to this about a zillion times to really get it. I'm only on a billion.

—Randy Harward

Electric Frankenstein How to Make A Monster Victory Records

This is Electric Frankenstein's eleventh full-length. The dominant influence appears to be Motorhead, with some B-movie sensibilities. As I perused the discography on their web page, I was impressed by the sheer volume of releases (including 7 inches and comps) that Electric Frankenstein has put out.

"How to Make A Monster" is 35 minutes and thirteen tracks of punk. Good punk not fucking pop-punk tripe that is so prevalent today. My personal favorites are the stoner anthems, "Feel The Burn (Chronic)" and "Phatty Boom Batty," about Jay and Silent Bob from Kevin Smith's New Jersey Trilogy ("Clerks," "Mallrats" and "Chasing Amy").

The disc is also a CD-ROM with a photos, band info, the aforementioned laundry list/discography and contact info for the band. The photos of the band aren't nearly as good as the Bride of Frankenstein hotty on the back cover of the disc. I have to go to the bathroom.

—Randy Harward

Tales From The Birdbath Baron Von Birdbath Empty Records

This "band" is essentially just one guy with a shitload of friends. The opener, "Olympia," whizzes by in less than two minutes, but sticks like a tick in your head for days. Only five of the twelve songs exceed two minutes. The entire album lasts only twenty-two. Play it once and you'll hear it all week. It's a good thing. My new favorite song is number three, "Scooter Boy." "Go-go Scooter Boy, yeah!"

—Randy Harward

Buckcherry/ Buckcherry Dreamworks New American Shame/New American Shame Will Records

Oh, la rock de la cock. There will always be a market for cock and roll because it epitomizes rock and roll fantasy: Mic stands adorned with scarves and lingerie thrown by screaming, nubile fans; sweaty, swaggering, beanpole lead singers trying to kick their own foreheads; guitarists wielding their instruments as holy sonic weapons; anthem choruses and well-rehearsed stage banter limited to two topics: tits and drugs.

Both Buckcherry's and New American Shame's debut releases were surprisingly good. I had imagined two groups comprised of dickhead poseurs with trite riffs and lyrics. Sure, the entire concept was played out in the late 80's and early 90's, but both bands managed to abandon the shitty elements of cock rock by the wayside and produce decent records.

"Lit Up" is Buckcherry's first single and the catchy chorus ("I love the cocaine, I love the cocaine") has already got people up in arms. It's not one of the better songs on the disc, however, as "Dirty Mind" (check the lyric: "I'm gonna die in your dirty fucking mind") and "Get Back" are decidedly more infectious. "Borderline" is another good candidate for radio.

The leadoff track on New American Shame's debut, "Under It All" is the kind of song that belongs in a mid-80's teen action film; for instance "The Wraith," or "Iron Eagle." Christ, the entire record is 80s soundtrack rock and even though all of the songs run together like post-Eliminator, pre-ZZ Top albums, I love it.

It's about time someone stood up and validated what had, for me, become a guilty pleasure.

—Randy Harward

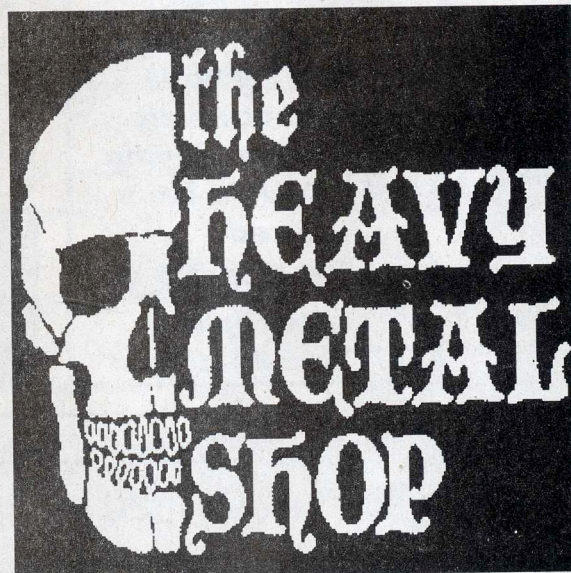
Choice of Reign Choice of Reign

This local band's debut CD has already sold in excess of 4,000 copies since its release last January in addition to taking Best Local CD honors at the Wasatch Area Music Awards in February. No small feat for a band who just

continued on page 38

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here are some things i really really like

i like it when you are laying in bed and
you fall asleep thinking about how cool it would
be if you were rich

i like it when you buy new socks and you
get to wear new socks for a week but then
they get dirty so that goes away

i don't like it when you have a pain
somewhere but you don't know what it is and
so you just wonder what it might be

i like it when you touch the back of my
neck real soft like a feather

i like it when you have sex with me and
you say it was really good even if you were
just being nice

i don't like it when my feet are dirty

i like it when it rains and you open the
window so you can hear it and smell the air
from the rainwater

i like the way you can lay on the floor
and watch TV and make people go blurry when
you close one eye

i like it when you eat something really
good and then you feel full but then you burp
and you feel better

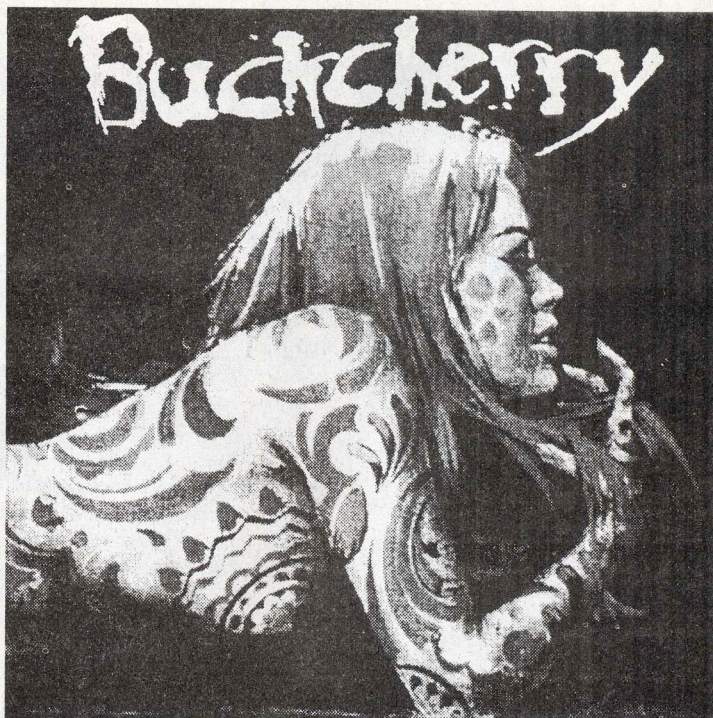
i like it when you see someone in a movie
who hits a woman or a little kid and you know
they are gonna get it bad and then they do

i don't like it when you order some food
and when you get home they forgot the one
thing that made you want to eat there in the
first place

i like it when it is cold and you wrap
yourself up in the blanket real tight

i like it when the person you love most
tells you that they really love you and then
you feel like life is a pretty cool thing
sometimes even when bad stuff happens to you
once in awhile

—TLP



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CD REVIEWS FOR THE RECORD COMPANY MAN

celebrated their first year on the scene.

"Hollow," opens the album. Evocative of Led Zeppelin with space needle and jam band sensibilities, the song celebrates/laments the gray area between youth and adulthood. Deeper into the album, "Far From Me," has James "Jammer" Stauber's percussive talents at center stage. Always appropriate, never busy. You have to admire that in a musician. "Pieces" follows; the opening riff a stellar paradigm of Steele Crosswhite's understated playing. The rhythm section is remarkable for Dave Christensen's melodic and gently funky bass. Drummer James Stauffer is so tight they should clone him and market him as an alternative to metronomes.

"15" a barefoot, acoustic sing-a-long, puts this one to bed.

—Randy Harward

Big Rude Jake /Roadrunner

Big Rude Jake is a swing band. Now, now, now, don't skip the review. That fad came and went faster than the third guy in a circle jerk — at least as far as the general public is concerned. Big Rude Jake combines a few different styles with spoken word and the double-entendre so familiar to blues shouters. He's got one about his bi-sexual girlfriend called "Queer For Cat," and he's got one about...well you figure it out, called "Mercy For The Monkey Man." Even more surprising is the lack of covers. What? How can this be a swing disc without a cover song? Well it isn't. "Buster Boy (Walk Tall)" is New Orleans influenced jazz. Jake is from Canada and he played the jump and jive up north for nine years before heading south to New York City and his record deal. In conclusion? Trendies can swing, jitterbugs can jitter, Tom Wait's cult

of fans can check out "Song For Christine" and poetry slammers can gain ideas from "East Side Jive." No hype kids Big Rude Jake is big, rude and jake. The playing is excellent and Jake has some thoughts behind his hep-cat words.

—Lonnie Clawson

The Old 97's/Fight Songs Elektra

Now they've gone and done it. What is up with all of these alt-country bands making pop records these days? Well Rhett and the boys were leaning in that direction for the last one and Fight Songs is the fully realized version. Elektra released it with a budget price which means the readers can pick up two copies for the price of a single Backstreet Boys disc. Go beat your heads against the country fried pop wall and enjoy the shit out of "Oppenheimer," "Murder (Or A Heart Attack)," "What We Talk About" and "Valentine." Sorry about the presence of songs. I realize that songs don't mean much when you're taking your clothes off in the rain and wearing sunscreen. Why are you wearing sunscreen in the rain anyway?

—Lonnie Clawson

Carl Sonny Leyland I'm Wise Hightone

The boogie does live on in the garage. Carl Sonny Leyland is an English bloke and he's banging the box as if Doug Clark and the Hot Nuts had met Jerry Lee Lewis at his wedding with his 13-year-old cousin and did a medley of "Baby Let Me Bang Your Box" and "If You See Kay." If the playing don't move your booty then I guess your booty is in some serious need of moving. This feller puts the whomp on the 88s. Hell, I wonder if he kicks over his stool and lights the damned piano on fire? He certainly does achieve such feats of glory on his solo disc. Strong left hand?

—Lonnie Clawson



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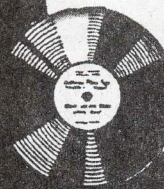
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(National Act)**

SERIAL KILLER OF THE MONTH

Charles Ng



WHEN MARINES GO BAD Charles Ng - Satan's Christmas Gift To The World / Leonard Lake

The videotape reveals the terrified face of a woman who has been handcuffed and shackled to a chair in the bedroom of a run-down mountain cabin.

She tries to be defiant, demanding information about her infant son and accusing her two captors of being "crazy." In response, an Asian man slashes at her T-shirt with a knife, ripping it away. His Caucasian partner chides him for destroying a perfectly good shirt. The woman begs her attacker to leave her bra on; he responds by slicing it away with a flick of the wrist.

"You can cry and stuff like the rest of them, but it won't do you no good," says the Asian man. "We are pretty, ha ha, coldhearted, so to speak."

The tape isn't a Hollywood slasher flick, and you can't rent it at a video store. In fact, it has never been publicly shown, its contents revealed only by transcripts pieced together by court officials and stored in the most extensive criminal case file in California history. Two of its three starring players are dead.

Ng will go down in California history as the man who cost taxpayers more money to try than any other criminal defendant ever, including O.J. Simpson.

The world at large learned of the existence of Charles Ng on June 7, 1985, three days after a massive police investigation had begun at an unremarkable-looking cabin in a sleepy hamlet nestled in the Sierra foothills. The events at Wilseyville came to light on Sunday, June 2, when a South San Francisco police officer responded to a routine shoplifting call at a lumber yard.

By that time, Leonard Lake, too pathetic and human to be called evil but too cold-blooded and cruel to be considered fully human, was a breathing vegetable, kept alive by machines at a Kaiser Permanente Hospital near San Francisco. He would be declared brain dead the following day, when the plug was pulled. Committing suicide may have been the single most altruistic act of Lake's life. By dying, he saved California taxpayers millions of dollars in legal costs. His partner in crime was less generous. The events at Wilseyville came to light on Sunday, June 2, when a South San Francisco police

officer responded to a routine shoplifting call at a lumber yard. A customer had spotted an Asian man stuffing a \$75 vise into his jacket, and informed a clerk.

When the police officer arrived at the lumber yard he encountered Lake, a burly bearded man with the look of an overweight, aging hippie. Lake told the officer that his friend was Chinese and didn't know any better. He said he had already paid for the vise, which the Asian man had thrown into the back of a tan 1980 Honda Prelude in the parking lot before fleeing the scene.

Peering into the car, the officer saw what looked like a handgun. On closer inspection, he found a loaded .22 revolver and a silencer in a gym bag inside the car. A check of the Honda's license plate revealed that it was registered to a man named Lonnie

Bond—but the plate was supposed to be attached to a Buick. Lake was arrested and taken in for questioning.

He gave police a driver's license identifying himself as Robin Scott Stapley, a 26-year-old San Diego resident. Meanwhile, police ran a check of the Vehicle Identification Number on the Honda and discovered that it belonged to a San Francisco man named Paul Cosner. Something was definitely not right. Cosner, 39, had been reported missing almost nine months earlier.

When Lake was confronted with the contradicting details, he told police officers that he was thirsty, and asked for a glass of water, a pen and a piece of paper. He scribbled something on the page and put it in his shirt pocket. Then he told his interrogators that his name was Leonard Lake, gave them his birth date, and said he was wanted in Mendocino County on weapons charges. He also told them that the name of the man they were looking for was Charles Chitat Ng. Suddenly he bit something off his shirt and

swallowed it down with the water he had been given. Police later discovered he had glued two cyanide capsules to the underside of his lapel.

The note in Lake's pocket, addressed to his ex-wife, read, "Dear Lyn: I love you. Please forgive me. I forgive you. Please tell Mama, Fern and Patty I'm sorry." Fern and Patty are Lake's sisters. South San Francisco police knew they had something a lot bigger than a shoplifting case. Things grew even more ominous when they discovered blood stains on the front seat of the Honda, and bullet holes in the door panel and sunscreen. Cosner, a car broker, had disappeared on Nov. 2, 1984 after telling his girlfriend that he was showing a car that day to "a weird guy." He was never seen again.

Inside the Honda, police found an electric bill made out to a Claralyn Balasz and addressed to a cabin in Wilseyville. Balasz, known as "Cricket" to her friends, was Lake's ex-wife. Thus began the investigation of Lake and Ng, which would result in an international manhunt and the disinterment of evidence so ghastly it left even veteran police detectives shuddering with disgust. The cabin in Wilseyville, purchased by Balasz's parents as a future retirement home, had been transformed into the embodiment of a madman's twisted fantasies.

Beside the house, Lake had constructed a cinder

block bunker equipped with a hidden chamber and eye bolts on the bedroom floor for securing restraint devices. The land surrounding the house was a garden planted with mutilated and partially burned corpses, as well as plastic containers filled with weapons, blood-stained cutting tools, personal belongings of the victims and a pair of videotapes. These tapes, along with Lake's diary found inside the cabin, provide the most revealing picture of the events that transpired there.

It is impossible to say how many people died at the hands of Leonard Lake and his alleged accomplice, Charles Ng. Police dug up 45 pounds of human bone fragments from the land surrounding the Wilseyville cabin, but the killer or killers were extremely thorough; the bodies were sliced into pieces and strewn around the property, and many were apparently burned in an incinerator beside the house. Only a few bodies were ever identified. But between 19 and 25 missing people have been connected to either Lake or Ng, and Ng has been charged with a dozen murders.

So what went on in that cabin in Wilseyville? Ng is probably the only living person who knows, but the killers left plenty of evidence behind. They were even careless enough to record some of their cruel sexual escapades on videotape.

Several California newspapers, led by the Sacramento Bee, have closely chronicled the Wilseyville killings, which were also the subject of a true crime book called "Eye of Evil" by Joseph Harrington and Robert Burger. Although most of the evidence will remain off limits until Ng goes to trial, these sources have reported abundant details about the murders, the victims, and the alleged killers.

The house in Wilseyville is an unremarkable mountain cabin with a 14-foot by 16-foot cinder block bunker built alongside. The bunker was apparently added by Lake and Ng, who allegedly killed the men who helped them construct it perhaps to keep them from telling anyone about its secrets.

The walls in the main room of the bunker were covered with photographs of women taken by Lake. Investigators found nothing particularly out of the ordinary in the bunker until they discovered a hidden catch behind a bookcase, which swung out to reveal a secret chamber. Inside was a bed, a plastic toilet, and a one-way mirror which allowed a person outside the hidden room to look in, while the occupant of the chamber would see only her own reflection. Authorities believe Lake and his partner would confine their female sex slaves inside the hidden room and spy on them from time to time through the one-way mirror. No one knows how long the women were confined in the tiny chamber before the men grew tired of the game and exterminated them.

Inside the bunker, police found written references to something called "Operation Miranda." When they later discovered Lake's diary, they learned that Operation Miranda was the code name for a doomsday fantasy scenario in which the bunker would play a pivotal role. "[The bunker] will provide a facility for my sexual fantasies," Lake wrote. "It will provide physical security for myself and my passions. It will protect me from nuclear fallout." Lake's fantasy was to repopulate the earth in the wake of a nuclear explosion, which he believed was imminent, by finding and holding women who would be forced into utter submission. He writes and speaks on

videotape of his obsessive need to dominate women, to turn them into slaves who would cook and clean for him and accommodate his every sexual impulse. The name Operation Miranda was apparently lifted from a 1962 novel by John Fowles called "The Collector," which was found inside the bunker. The book is about a butterfly collector who kidnaps a beautiful woman named Miranda and holds her in a wine cellar, where she eventually dies.

Most of the Wilseyville victims were homeless people or drug dealers, people the killers must have figured would not be missed. Most, that is, but not all. Ng is charged with wiping out an entire family from San Francisco, a man, woman and child who were allegedly murdered for the sake of some video equipment they had advertised for sale.

The motives varied for the killings. Police believe many of the victims, like Cosner and the Dubs family of San Francisco, were killed for the sake of their belongings, such as a car or electronic equipment. Many such items belonging to alleged victims of Lake and Ng were found inside the cabin, buried on the property, or inside Ng's San Francisco apartment, but the two men also apparently sold off much of their loot at garage sales.

Other victims, such as Randy Jacobson, a homeless Vietnam veteran who was acquainted with Lake, may have been recruited to help build the bunker and then killed because they knew too much. Jacobson's was one of the few corpses buried near the cabin that officials were able to identify. He had been shot in the head execution-style with a .22 handgun.

Still others may have died simply because Lake or Ng didn't like them. Cliff Peranteau, a co-worker of Ng's at a San Francisco moving company, was heard arguing with Ng several times by other employees. He disappeared in January 1985, and many of his belongings were found in the cabin and in Ng's apartment.

Finally, at least two women became unwilling participants in Lake's ghoulish sexual fantasies, in which Ng also allegedly played a significant role.

The woman on the videotape described earlier was Brenda O'Connor, who had the misfortune of living next door to Lake's Wilseyville cabin. According to police, she and her common-law husband, Lonnie Bond, were running a methamphetamine factory in their small mountain hideaway. Ng is charged with murdering the couple and their infant son, Lonnie Bond, Jr.

Police found the videotape featuring O'Connor and another woman named Kathy Allen in a plastic container buried near the cabin. It was titled, "Two Women."

The transcript of the tape begins with Allen, an 18-year-old clerk at a Milpitas supermarket who was apparently lured to the Wilseyville cabin by Lake, who told her that her boyfriend had been shot and needed her. Police believe her boyfriend, a drug dealer named Michael Sean Carroll who had once been Ng's cell-mate at Fort Leavenworth military prison in Kansas, had already been murdered.

According to the transcript, Allen appears on the tape handcuffed to an easy chair. Lake does most of the talking on the tape, although Ng speaks from time to time and occasionally appears on the video. The scene then cuts to the bedroom, where a nude Allen has been strapped to the bed.

Lake tells Allen that if she cooperates, they will let her go in about 30 days. If not, he says, they will shoot her in the head and bury her

in the same place they buried her boyfriend, Carroll.

"While you're here, we'll keep you busy," Lake tells her. "You'll wash for us, you'll clean for us, cook for us, you'll fuck for us. It's not much of a choice unless you've got a death wish... If you don't go along with us, we'll probably take you into the bed, tie you down, rape you, shoot you and bury you."

Throughout the tape, Lake alternates between threats and feigned compassion, telling Allen that he feels bad about what he is doing to her but it can't be helped because he and Ng are essentially "selfish bastards." He chastises her for beating on the door of her cell, saying she bent one of the hinges on the hidden door. She would get a severe whipping if she did it again, he says.

After that, he outlines his plan for her to write letters to Carroll's relatives informing them that she and Carroll have moved away and cannot be reached. Finally, he forces her to choose between becoming their sex slave or dying.

Finally, Allen agrees that she will be "available." Lake and Ng remove her handcuffs and force her to undress. The scene then cuts to the bedroom, where a nude Allen has been strapped to the bed. Lake snaps still photographs of her and orders her to pose in various types of lingerie.

The encounter with O'Connor is more vicious. At first she resists the two men, demanding to know what they did with her baby. Lake replies only, "Your baby is sound asleep, like a rock." She asks why they are doing this to her, and Lake's response is, "Because we hate you." At the end of the tape, in which O'Connor's resistance is finally broken down and she grows faint, Ng unchains the 19-year-old woman and leads her to the bathroom, where off camera one can hear the sound of the three of them taking a shower together.

While Ng's motivations and mental state remain something of a mystery, Lake revealed his innermost feelings through rambling monologues on the videotapes and passages in his diary. In one peculiar section of the tape, Lake appears alone sitting in an easy chair, describing aloud his fantasy of kidnapping a woman and turning her into his slave. He laments the fact that he is growing old and fat, and is no longer attractive to women. No matter, he says, after the impending nuclear holocaust he will build a series of bunkers and imprison a woman in each one, and together with his unwilling harem he will repopulate the planet.

He seemed to have little or no regard for life, whether his own or anyone else's. On the tapes, he tells his victims that if anything goes wrong he will simply kill himself, because he isn't afraid of dying. Even his dog, a German shepherd called Voden, was fair game. "Shot the dog," Lake notes in one diary entry. "A stupid thing to do... vengeance rarely makes sense."

Leonard Lake was born in San Francisco on Oct. 29, 1945. According to news accounts, his parents fought frequently and passed him off to various relatives, finally sending him to live with his grandparents at the age of 6. Friends of Lake's said he often complained about his emotionally bankrupt childhood, and that he felt he had been abandoned by his parents.

He joined the U.S. Marine Corps in 1964 and was trained as a radar specialist. He completed two tours of duty during the Vietnam War, but never saw combat. During his first tour in Da Nang, he was hospitalized for exhibiting "incipient psychotic reactions," but was treated and sent back to

Southeast Asia. He served seven years in the Marines.

In 1971, he was treated for further psychological problems at a Veterans Administration hospital in Oakland. He attended college at San Jose State University in the early 1970s and moved to a commune in Philo, a settlement in Northern California's Mendocino County, in 1976. Here he grew marijuana and lived on a large hilltop ranch that he nicknamed "Alibi Run."

Friends believe it was at this time of his life that Lake began to form his paranoid fantasies. One man who was acquainted with Lake said the deluded veteran turned his Philo ranch into a survivalist enclosure stocked with weapons and food to withstand a siege. Some time in the late 1970s, Lake met Claralyn Balasz while working at the Renaissance Pleasure Fair in Marin County, an arts and entertainment fair themed on Renaissance Europe. Lake worked weekends at the fair by charging visitors to pose for photos with his goat, which he had surgically altered by attaching a horn to the center of its forehead. Lake named the animal Sir Lancelot and passed it off as a unicorn.

Lake and Balasz were married in 1981. The best man at their wedding was Charles Gunnar, an old friend of Lake's who disappeared from his Morgan Hill home in April 1982. Lake frequently used Gunnar's name as an alias while living in Wilseyville, and his body was discovered buried near the cabin in September 1992.

Balasz was briefly considered a suspect in the early days of the investigation of the Wilseyville killings. After divorcing Lake in 1982, she went to live with her parents in San Bruno. Police obtained a search warrant for her parents' house after discovering she had allegedly helped Ng escape from police by giving him a ride to his San Francisco apartment soon after Lake was taken into custody. She refused to cooperate with police unless they guaranteed her immunity from prosecution; the guarantee was never given, and Balasz was never charged.

It was in 1981, after Lake had sold his Philo ranch and was working a brief stint as a hotel manager, that his fateful first meeting with Ng took place. Ng was looking for a place to hide out after escaping from a Marine Corps jail, where he was being held on charges of weapons theft. He apparently met Lake through a classified ad in a survivalist magazine. The two men struck up a friendship and Ng moved in with Lake and Balasz in their mobile home in Mendocino County.

Charles Ng, Satan's Christmas present to the world, was born Dec. 24, 1961 in Hong Kong, the son of a wealthy businessman. Press reports say he was expelled from several schools before being sent to a boarding school where his uncle taught in Yorkshire, England. He was once again expelled, this time for shoplifting at a department store and stealing from another student. He was sent back to Hong Kong.

At the age of 18 he came to the U.S. on a student visa to attend the College of Notre Dame in Belmont, Calif. He dropped out after a single semester.

In October 1979 he was convicted for a hit-and-run, non-injury automobile accident and ordered to pay restitution. Instead, he decided to join the Marines. Somehow he was able to convince military authorities that he was an American citizen, listing his birthplace on the enlistment application as Bloomington, Ind.

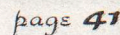
Ng had attained the rank of lance corporal in

In a Hudson Bay Co. store in Calgary, a pair of security guards watched Ng trying to shoplift a soda.

An identified man who said he met Ng while serving time at Fort Leavenworth told reporters that he had spoken to the suspect several times on the phone in 1984 and 1985, conversa-

No matter, the trial was held this year in California, and as expected, Charles Ng was found guilty and given the death penalty.

—St. Feltcher





PIG BOY

Short Snorts

If it gets a 10, it gave me wood!
If it gets a zero, it made me throw up!
If it's in-between 1 and 9...can't you figure this shit out for yourselves once in a while?

LATIN PLAYBOYS-Dose-Atlantic- This band has David Helgado from Los Lobos with some of his friends. Tracy Bonham and Wendy and Lisa guest star. The first track, an instrumental, is called "Fiesta Erotica."
I loved it. After that, too many

spots were too jam band for my taste. I'd still give it a 7 though.
MOJAVE 3-Out of Tune- 4AD Sire- The title couldn't be any further from the truth. Former members of Slowdive once again doing their mix of dream pop and alt-country, closer to the former than the latter. Worth owning if only for the last track, "To Whom Should I Write."
Give this a 9 and a quarter.
THE QUEERS-Later Days and Better Lays- Lookout- Excellent punk rock with a sense of humor. "Murder in the Brady House" will attest to that.

Demos, alternate versions and unreleased tracks for the fans. Any band that writes a song called "Night of the Livid Queens" has automatically earned my respect. Give the Queens 8 1/2 (snorts)
POI DOG PONDERING-Natural Thing- Plate Teck-Tonic- If you're not familiar with the band, they do a pop thing with a combination of roots rock, world music, techno, dance, disco, jazz and some classical arrangements. This means they can sound really great on the ass-shaking "Come Together," But make you cry on "Octavio/Beautiful to Meet You."
You CAN'T accuse this one of being monotonous. Close to an 8...

BLUR-13- Virgin- William Orbit's production strikes again. I'm sure you've already heard the mellow "Tender" or the poppy "Coffee & TV." Worth buying for the noise of "Bugman" or the psychedelia of "Swamp Song." "No Distance Left to Run" is the first track to program into your player. Very close to a 9...

CHEERLEADR-Some more of that damn alterna-rock that we've all grown to love. Excellent EP, obviously influenced by Dinosaur Jr. or Husker Du. Kurt Cobain's in the mix, too. Likable. 7 and a half...
THE KING-Gravelands-Universal- Yes, it's ridiculous. Some guy named, get this, James Brown, desecrating songs in an Elvis voice. "Come As You Are," "No Woman, No Cry" and "I Heard it Through the Grapevine" are among the victims. "That's Alright Mama" is

the ONLY good point. Give this a 2...

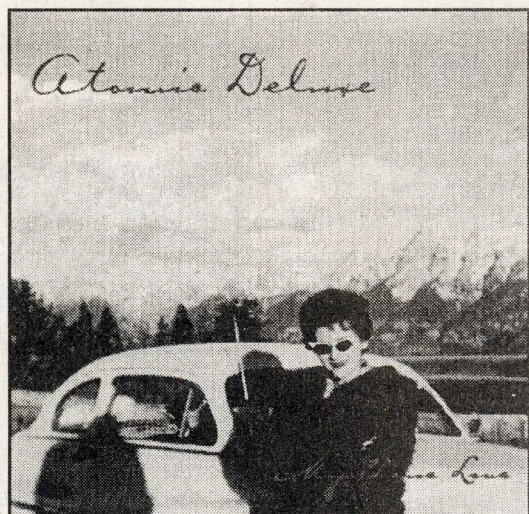
MARSHALL CRENSHAW-The 9 Volt Years-Battery Powered Home Demos & Curios, - Razor & Tie- this is a collection of demos and unproduced alternate versions, most of which are quite enjoyable in these raw forms. Perfect example of why he was considered to be the best of the songwriters during the peak of the "new wave."
Absolutely worth owning. Give this a little past 9...

XTC-Apple Venus-TVT- Andy and Colin are doing their thing once again.
A pop blend of new-wave, Beatles, Pink Floyd and Todd Rundgren. Unfortunately, it's not as exciting as that made it sound. This is not what I would call XTC at their best. Not groundbreaking. Give this one a 6...

SPARKLEHORSE-Good Morning Spider-CAP- Eccentric Brit-pop by way of Richmond, Virginia. For those of you who love Radiohead, this tasty goody could tide you over for a while. They scream. It's at its best on "Pig," where the singer yells, "I want to be a pig/I want to suck a cock." Then, they sound lovely and Pixie-esque on "Sick of Goodbyes." Their quirky, eccentric sound explains why Thom Yorke loves them so much. This one gets a 10.

BETH ORTON-Central Reservation-Arista- Beth's follow-up to her critically acclaimed debut, "Trailer Park." On this one, she has lost William Orbit and also most of the trip-hop feel. This one still has a little of that, but is much more of a folk album and feels a lot more passionate to me, mainly evident when She sings to an ex on the first track, "Stolen Car." Sit this one on the CD rack right in-between the Joni Mitchell and give it a solid 10. Excellent.
PATTY GRIFFIN-Flaming Red-A&M- Grrrrr rock in the vein of an angrier Lucinda Williams, Emmylou Harris or maybe Maria Mckee.

The songwriting is top-notch. Lyrics and metaphors that mess with your emotions. "Change" is the best example. I liked this so much that after the FIRST lis-



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ten, I ran to the CD store and bought her debut, "Living With Ghosts." In other words, Patty gets at least a 9.

BIG SANDY & HIS FLY-RITE BOYS-Radio Favorites—High Tones- Big Sandy and the boys do a 6 track EP to tide us over until the next full length. As always, it's a winner. "Buddy, I Ain't Buyin'" has some excellent finger-pickin' and piano. My fave was "I Can't Believe I'm Saying This to You." 8 snorts

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN-18 Tracks—CAP- Basically a 'greatest-hits' of the box set with three new tracks, "Trouble River," which is pretty good, "The Fever," which is pretty damn boring and a lovely little acoustic version of "The Promise," which I thought was great. Give this a 7.

RUFF RYDERS-*Ryde or Die-Vol. One*—Defjam- Basically a rap 'supergroup' of sorts. I was looking forward to it because there are names that I can tolerate. DMX, LOX, Jay-Z, Juvenile, to name a few. Guess what? It sucked. Instead of finding some nice grooves to shake my big, fat pink ass to, it turned out to be a bunch of misogynist, "G" rap shit.

No thanks...It gets a 3...
BEN FOLDS FIVE-*The Unauthorized Biography of Reinhold Messner*- Caroline- Who the fuck is Reinhold Messner? Who the fuck cares? Nothing as instantly catchy as "Brick" on this set, but this one is sure to please the growing legion of BFFer's especially on "Your Most Valuable Possession," "Army" and "Lullaby." 7 and a half...

BIJOU PHILLIPS-*I'd Rather Eat Glass*- Almo- Another girl singer with another bad name and another so-angry-it's-cute album title. This made me worried, but never panic little ones! It's pretty okay, but by the time I got to track #11, "When I Hated Him (Don't Tell Me)," I was pretty well hooked. Nothing original, but very catchy...Give Bijou a 7 for effort...

JOE HENRY-*Fuse*—Mammoth- If you have not yet heard Joe

Henry, now is the perfect time to start. His latest could be his best. It starts off with one of his best songs, "Monkey" and never goes downhill from there. The sad title track and "Want Too Much" are highlights. Joe is a singer/songwriter with a lot of country-rock influence, and maybe a sound like Beck once in a while on this one, but definitely an original. The song-writing has depth. Hopefully he'll make it on his own instead of all the references to his famous cousin. Once you buy this and love it, which you will, then go seek out "REAL: The Tom T. Hall Project," where his track "The Homecoming" is the highlight of a great album.

Give Joe a 10
NIGHTMARES FROM ROTTERDAM-Various Artists—Moonsaint- The folks at Moonshine will help you shake your asses through the Millenium and beyond. This compilation is dedicated to the darker side of hardcore. The title is apt. Some of it is rather spooky. Highlighted are tracks with DJ Paul (one third of the album). The Headbanger's "Nightmare Man" is also excellent. Give this a 7 and a half.
SASHA & JOHN DIGWEED-*Expeditions*—Sony- Two disc set remix album from two of the top DJ's in the world (ranked at no. 5 and no. 7 respectively). This is seriously one of the better DJ mix albums out there. The entire first disc kept my interest, and about 90% of the second one. You can find out the reason these guys sell out clubs in New York and Orlando consistently. Give this an 8 plus...

Basically, fuckers, what I'm trying to tell you is to go buy Beth Orton, Sparklehorse and Joe Henry...now! Put your fucking Keystone down and rush to Salt City.



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SOIL
Throttle Junkies
MIA



The band Soil has emerged straight from the farmlands of Indiana. From the mid-United States, this band brings with them a no-nonsense brand of hard rock. While Soil is still in it's early years as a band, they have already recorded a demo, gotten signed, put out a mini CD (EL CHUPACABRA - The title translates into some sort of mythical beast. I know that because El Chupacabra was featured in an episode of "Dexter's Laboratory", and we all know cartoons are an excellent learning tool.) and have recently released their debut full-length, THROTTLE JUNKIES. I would normally be turning to one of my Corrosion Of Conformity albums to find music that rocks this hard, but now my choices on the matter have just expanded.

SACRAMENTUM
The Black Destiny
Century Media

Sacramentum plays black metal as it was meant to be played - abusive, raw and seething with hate. No fancy

boys with painted faces playing keyboards in this band. THY BLACK DESTINY was produced by King Diamond guitarist Andy LaRocque. LaRocque was able to hold onto the band's raw edge, and at the same time captured the musical qualities of this band. I've always said that Swedish bands have a knack for being ultra talented and this group is no exception. Sacramentum have found a good balance between the extreme and serious playing ability. Don't get me wrong, this release is a slab of raw aggression. The difference



between this release and many of the other extreme/black metal releases out there is that this one was done right. So take your ethereal black metal crap and shove it, because this is pure evil.

PISSING RAZORS
Cast Down The Plague
Noise

The Texan-metal, four piece known as Pissing Razors has released their second album CAST DOWN THE PLAGUE. This band has come a long way in a short amount of time. While '98's self-titled release, PISSING RAZORS was "riff-tastic", all it did for me was to warrant a

Pantera comparison. This time around finds the band increasing the depth of their song writing. The songs on CAST DOWN THE PLAGUE are still busting at the seems riff-wise, but the over-all song writing doesn't sound as dependent on that single element of their sound. Pissing Razors is currently touring the states with Pro-Pain. Nope - no UT date as of yet. Who could blame them? I heard maybe ten people showed up at there last performance in Salt Lake. Personally, I didn't even hear about the show until about two weeks after the fact. Whatever...

PLASTIQUE
Empire Of The Black Suns
TMC



The band Plastique with their album EMPIRE OF THE BLACK SUNS appears to be fishing for a Rage Against The Machine comparison. Rage Against The Machine they are not, but in an attempt at being something they are not, Plastique have put together at least a decent album. Over-driven guitar chops are the mainstay of the "no frills" Plastique sound. The bass line could have a bigger presence, but instead hangs in the background. The vocals range from clean to rap. The anti-social, violent image that Plastique is going for had me thinking this album would be totally over-the-top, but a lot of the music on this album is surprisingly melodic.

MANOWAR
Hell On Stage Live
Metal Blade

Another Manowar album. I suppose I'll be hearing again

from the single Manowar fan that we having living amongst us here in Salt Lake. HELL ON STAGE LIVE is a double-live album. Not only is it a double-live album, but I found out from reading the inside of the CD cover that this is their second live album in a row. All of the ridiculousness of this album aside, the recording is awful. This is the worst sounding live album I've ever heard. I can guarantee one thing about this album, there WILL be at least at least one copy of HELL ON STAGE LIVE at Recycle C.D.

HYPOCRISY
Hypocrisy/Hypocrisy Destroys Wacken
Nuclear Blast

Despite rumors that the band Hypocrisy was breaking up, they have actually released two new albums. Having five full-length albums under his belt, owning his own recording studio and having worked with just about everyone in the world of death metal afforded Peter Tagtgren the luxury of starting such rumors. Apparently, Tagtgren's loose tongue on the matter of disbanding during an interview was enough to get the story circulated among the metal community. According to Peter, Hypocrisy's performance (and the crowd's response) at the 1997 Milwaukee Metal Fest was the deal maker when it came time to decide on whether to keep recording albums as the band Hypocrisy. HYPOCRISY, the title of the band's latest studio album, will certainly put to rest any questions on the status of this band. The heavily layered guitar parts, the wide range of tempo changes and the new vocal sounds spring the sci-fi related songs to life. HYPOCRISY DESTROYS WACKEN was recorded live during 1998's Wacken Open Air Festival. Get in, turn up the Hypocrisy and shut the hell up!

BONGZILLA
Stash
Relapse



Hmm, I wonder if the members of Bongzilla like to smoke pot? To tell you the truth, I was more entertained by this band's name and CD cover than I was listening to their music. Bongzilla is taking the current stoner rock movement to it's conceivable limits. There are parts of this CD that are just plain unlistenable. Do yourself a favor and get stoned before listening to STASH.

AMORPHIS
Tuonela
Relapse



TUONELA (Finnish for "Underworld" or "Hades") follows in the progression and evolution of the band Amorphis. I read somewhere that this band was at one time considered a death metal band. Well, maybe that's the case, but it ain't so anymore. TUONELA, along with at least the last couple of albums from Amorphis have been dominated by Finnish folklore and heritage. This Finnish influence has made it's way into Amorphis' lyrical content and

the writing of their music. The result of this mixture has given Amorphis an almost folk-metal sound. This odd union has done well for the band, as their last two albums have exceeded 100,000 in sales. TUONELA is a good album if you're into sweeping guitar passages, a touch of keyboards and melodic vocals. Stay away if your motto is "Bring on the heavy shit!".

—Forgach

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**FARLEY
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THE DAILY CALENDAR

Friday, June 4

Sand Paper Love - Burt's Tiki
Evil Petting Zoo - Dead Goat
Tony Furtado - Zephyr

Saturday, June 5

Glade - Burt's Tiki
Gigi Love - Dead Goat
Tony Furtado - Zephyr

Sunday, June 6

Free Pool - Burt's Tiki
Acoustic Goat - Dead Goat
Cheap Trick - Zephyr

Monday, June 7

Mike Flemings Special - Burt's Tiki
The Debbie Davies Band - Dead Goat
Erosion - Zephyr

Tuesday, June 8

Nashville Pussy - DV8
Blues Jam - Burt's Tiki
Tom Hubbard & Elicit Zone - Dead Goat
Derrick Truck & Wayne Hancock - Zephyr

Wednesday, June 9

Daughters of the Nile - Burt's America - Harry O's
Tomsic & Renneker - Dead Goat
Harry Lee & the Back Alley Blues Band - Green Street
Choice of Reign - Zephyr

Thursday, June 10

Mile Marker 16 - Burt's Tiki
Rising Lion - Dead Goat
Highwater Pants - Zephyr

Friday, June 11

Unlucky Boys & Swamp Donkeys - Burt's Tiki

Carolyn Wonderland and the Imperial Monkeys - Dead Goat
Atomic Deluxe & Swing Gorillas - Zephyr

Red Bennies - Morrocan
Thunderfist, Toilet Smurfs - Spankys

Saturday, June 12

Scrotum Poles & Thunderfist - Burt's Tiki
Moment of Release - Dead Goat
Fat Paw & Kerosene Hat - Zephyr
Red Bennies - Spankys

Sunday, June 13

Free Pool - Burt's Tiki
Acoustic Goat - Dead Goat
Satellite from Phoenix & Asa - Zephyr
Tight Bros - Morrocan

Monday, June 14

Skyland - Burt's Tiki
Cave In, Isis, Clear - DV8
Bugs Henderson and the Shuffle Kings - Dead Goat
Dance Night - Zephyr

Tuesday, June 15

Rammstein, Soulfly - Wasatch Events Center
Blues Jam - Burt's Tiki
Take Action Tour - DV8
Goat Jam - Dead Goat
Donner Party - Zephyr
Lo/Fidelity Allstars - DV8

Wednesday, June 16

Blue Grass Banjos of Death - Burt's Tiki
Harry Lee & the Back Alley Blues Band - Green Street
Outer Site - Dead Goat
Chris Murphy - Zephyr

Thursday, June 17

Epperly, The Beaumonts - Spankys
Trouser Trout - Burt's Tiki
Gearl Jam - Dead Goat

Friday, June 18

Anti-Flag - Tower
Paul Summers Band w/Sweet Cheese - Burt's Tiki
Triple Threat - Dead Goat
Disco Dridders - Zephyr

Saturday, June 19

Those Bastard Souls - Liquid Joes
Toilet Smurfs - Burt's Tiki
Ritmo Caliente - Dead Goat
Disco Dridders - Zephyr

Sunday, June 20

Free Pool - Burt's Tiki
Acoustic Goat - Dead Goat
Carolyn's Mother & Oxy 69 - Zephyr

Monday, June 21

Ratt, Poison, LA Guns, Great White - Rocky Mtn Raceway
Working Title & John Harvey - Burt's Tiki
Johnnie Bassett & the Blues Insurgents - Dead Goat
Dance Night - Zephyr

Tuesday, June 22

Blues Jam - Burt's Tiki
Eve 6 with Lit - Tower
Goat Jam - Dead Goat
Pato Banton - Zephyr

Wednesday, June 23

Cobra w/Ice Burn - Burt's Tiki
Harry Lee & the Back Alley Blues Band - Green Street
Shafran Klegseth Blues Band - Dead Goat

Doug Wentch - Zephyr

Thursday, June 24

Earth Jam - Burt's Tiki
Curious Birds - Dead Goat
Chola - Zephyr

Friday, June 25

Unlucky Boys & Scrotum Poles - Burt's Tiki
Gaslight District - Dead Goat
Eric Burton and the New Animals - Zephyr

Saturday, June 26

29 Died - Spankys
Sturgeon General - Burt's Tiki
Mambo Jumbo - Dead Goat
Ritmo Cliente - Zephyr

Sunday, June 27

29 Died - Area 51
NXNW - Burt's Tiki
Acoustic Goat - Dead Goat
NXNW - Zephyr
Pinehurst Kids - Spankys

Monday, June 28

Elsewhere w/Landing - Burt's Tiki
E. C. Scott - Dead Goat
Daughters of the Nile - Zephyr

Tuesday, June 29

AFI - Tower
Blues Jam - Burt's Tiki
Goat Jam - Dead Goat
Frank Black - Zephyr

Wednesday, June 30

ADZ - Spankys
Swamp Donkeys - Burt's Tiki
Alternate Root - Dead Goat
Harry Lee & the Back Alley Blues Band - Green Street
Jack Mormons - Zephyr

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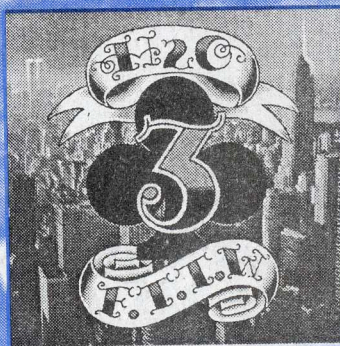
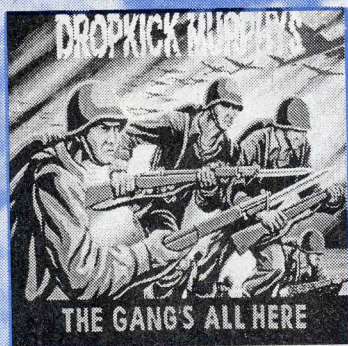
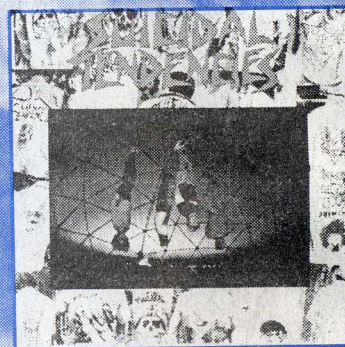
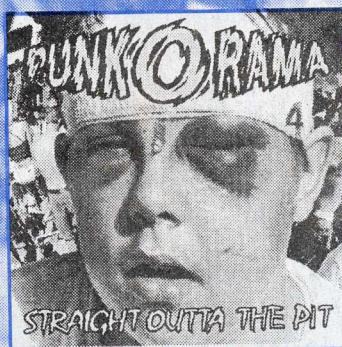
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